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bate Notices.

ealth of Massachusetts

Probate Court.

JANE MAHONEY, of Waltham, in said
has presented to said court a petition
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are hereby cited to appear at a Probate
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fourth Tuesday of October next, at nine
forenoon, to show cause, if any they have,
should not be granted.
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y publishing this citation once a week for
weeks, in the newspaper called the Mas
chusetts Ploughman, printed at Boston, the last publi
ion is to be at least before said Court.
Witness, GEORGE M. BROOKS, Esq., Judge of said
enty-fifth day of September, in the year one
hundred and seventy-two.
J. H. TYLER, Register.

ealth of Massachusetts.

Probate Court

kin, creditors, and all other persons in
e estate of JASON BENT, late of Sudbury,
y, deceased, intestate:
application has been made to said Court
e letter of administration on the estate of
o Jason Moore of Sudbury, in the county

by cited to appear at a Probate Court, to
Cambridge, in said county of Middlesex, on
Tuesday of October, 1872, at nine o'clock in the
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twelve weeks, in the newspaper called the
Ploughman, printed at Boston, the last
be two days, at least, before said Court.
ORGE M. BROOKS, Esq., Judge of said
day of October, in the year one thousand
and seventy-two.
J. H. TYLER, Register.

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Editorial.

KEEPING FRUIT.

A correspondent recently desired to know the most practicable mode of keeping pears late into the winter. As this matter is of very considerable general importance at the present time we have delayed a reply in order to make some inquiries of those who have tried the various patented processes for the preservation of fruit, and the methods which some of our most skilful fruit growers now practice for the keeping of pears and other tender fruits. For this purpose we have applied to the Hon. Marshall P. Wilder and others for the results of their experience, and we lay before the readers of the *Ploughman* some of the conclusions to which such cultivators have arrived.

The general deduction from the experience of the last few years is that success will depend chiefly upon temperature and the uniformity with which it is kept. If you can get pears, for instance, through the month of October all sound and good, they can be carried on beyond that into the winter with comparative ease. But if they are subjected to a rather high temperature soon after they are gathered they quickly ripen up and are apt to decay. A dry and low temperature is essential. A warm and moist air must be avoided at all hazards as these conditions will rot the best fruit in a very short time. *The best practice for choice pears*, that is the best for a common farmer who has not extraordinary facilities, is to pick them carefully into boxes where they are to remain and set the boxes into a cellar, cool and dry as possible, and to economise space the boxes may be set on top of each other if slats or pieces of wood are laid between them so as to admit of the circulation of air. On cold clear nights, let the windows of the cellar be opened. If the morning is warm and sultry, especially if it is damp, shut the cellar up closely and keep it closed till the weather is again cool and clear, when the windows may be opened again. Warm and sultry days, when the air is full of moisture, are very trying to the careful fruit grower at this season of the year.

After the weather has become settled and cold, there is less fear, the chief precaution being to keep the temperature as low, or as near the freezing point as possible, without allowing it to get too cold, and to avoid sudden changes, and when the outside air becomes mild and warm, to exclude it from coming in contact with the fruit. Thomas says the chief requisites for the successful keeping of fruit are, 1. A proper degree of maturity. 2. Careful hand picking to avoid all bruises. 3. Assorting the ripe from the unripe. 4. An apartment with a low temperature and free from superabundant moisture. 5. A pure air, free from unpleasant odors.

If a cellar is too moist it may be made drier by paving with small broken stone and covering with cement. Sometimes a single brick wall is built inside the regular cellar wall, leaving an air space between. If a cellar is so situated that it cannot be kept cool enough in the fall, the fruit can be left in open boxes or barrels in a dry barn or shed opening to the north, or wherever the temperature is uniform and cool, and taken to the cellar when it becomes necessary to protect it from freezing.

As to apples that are to be kept over for spring use, the most convenient way is to put them into barrels and head them up, letting them rest on their sides. If they can be buried in sawdust, or chaff that will absorb moisture, and the temperature be kept cool, not many of them will decay, but those that are wanted for use through the winter can be laid on shelves, and pears wanted for such use are most easily kept in drawers.

So far as we can learn the experience with the modern patented processes for preserving fruit, they have not given satisfaction. Fruit can be kept by means of some of them far beyond its natural limits, but the quality is not generally preserved, and the pears we have tasted from the fruit preserving houses, have been destitute of their natural flavor. They lose quality and are not to be compared with the same fruits eaten at the proper time and ripened under ordinary circumstances. The most successful process is that of Nyce's fruit house, which is so constructed as to keep the temperature at thirty-four degrees throughout the year, by keeping ice on an iron floor above, the walls and sides being non-conducting. To secure dryness the floor is sprinkled with chloride of calcium, which takes all the moisture from the atmosphere. This dry and low temperature is so uniform that the most perishable fruits, such as commonly last only a day or two are preserved sound for weeks, and fall pears can be kept through the winter. But so far as we have tested such fruits they suffer the loss of their naturally rich and delicate flavor. The theory on which this house is made is that in the ripening of fruit, hydrogen and carbon are constantly given off, the former uniting with the oxygen of the air, forming water, the latter, carbonic acid. The process in any confined vessel full of fruit, consumes all the oxygen in about forty-eight hours. The rooms of the Nyce fruit house are gas-tight, and when filled with fruit, if closed up for two days, a candle goes out in them instantly. The fruit is thus surrounded by an atmosphere composed of the nitrogen of the air and carbonic acid. Hydrogen and carbon then cease to be evolved from the fruit, and decomposition also, in a great degree from necessity, ceases. Decay is retarded by the absence of moisture. The process is of value for certain purposes, but practically of far less value than was at first anticipated from it.

We don't know of any better or more practicable way on the whole, of preserving fruit, than that we have indicated, and it is within the reach of every farmer and fruit grower. It is summed up in a very few words: Keep the fruit in a cool and uniform temperature, the cooler the better, provided it is a little above freezing point.

THE SEASON.

The frosts held off well, though the rains made up for it. Last year the killing frosts came much earlier. The springs must now be full one would suppose, a thing which has not been known till recently for two or three years past. The weather for securing the rowen crop was as bad as any one could wish. Many tons of it laid out in cocks through some days of rain, and it was more or less injured. But we never saw the second crop of grass more abundant. The rains were so frequent that it kept on growing and the fall feed was never more luxuriant, though it was not so sweet probably as it would have been in a season of less rain.

Questions & Answers.

THE PIGEON TREMEX.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

While examining my trees recently, I was considerably surprised as well as interested, in discovering and watching the movements of the insect whose "corpus" I have enclosed and forwarded for your inspection. Before securing it I allowed it to "operate" twice on the apple tree where I found it. It walked slowly over the surface, occasionally pausing as if to find a spot adapted to its needs, and on reaching the proper place, arched its body suddenly, standing with legs outspread, and a fine, black "egg-placer" or ovipositor (as I concluded) became instantly visible, with which the insect perforated the bark, meanwhile executing a series of contortions as if in distress. The position of the insect, its contortions and writhing, and its strange shape, excited my curiosity greatly, insomuch that I determined on its capture. When taken from the tree its "sword" was so firmly imbedded in the bark that I was obliged to use considerable caution in removing it lest it should become separated from its owner.

Salem, N. H., Oct. 7, 1872.

The insect enclosed was the *Tremex Columba*. The generic name *Tremex*, signifies a perforator or maker of holes, and *Columba*, a pigeon. Harris says of this curious creature, "The body of the female is cylindrical, about as thick as a common lead pencil, and an inch and a half or more in length, exclusive of the borer which is an inch long, and projects three-eighths of an inch beyond the end of the body. The latter rounds upwards, like the stem of a boat and is armed with a point or short horn. The head and the thorax are rust colored, varied with black. The abdomen or hinder and longest part of the body is black, with seven ochre yellow bands across the back, all of them but the first two interrupted in the middle. The horned tail and a round spot before it, impressed as if with a seal are ochre yellow. The borer, awl or needle is as thick as a bristle, spear pointed at the end, and of a black color; it is concealed when not in use, between two narrow rust colored side pieces, forming a kind of scabbard to it.

The female when about to lay her eggs, draws her borer out of its sheath, till it stands perpendicularly under the middle of her body, when she plunges it by repeated wriggling motions, through the bark into the wood. When the hole is made deep enough, she then drops an egg therein, conducting it to its place by means of the two furrowed pieces of the sheath. The borer often pierces the bark and wood to the depth of half an inch or more, and is sometimes driven in so tightly that the insect cannot draw it out again, but remains fastened to the tree till she dies."

This insect most frequently resorts to the elm or the buttonwood as a place to deposit its eggs. They have been found also on the pear tree.—[Ed.

ORCHARD TREATMENT.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

Please give me your opinion on the following questions:

What benefit would a young orchard of five to ten years' growth, (land sandy loam, well drained,) derive from putting in one bushel rye, and one hundred pounds guano to the acre in the fall, and ploughing all under as a green crop at early spring? Is it a good practice? MASSAPOAG.

Cincinnati, O., Sept. 10, 1872.

We should not recommend the practice. Any grain crop in an orchard is bad in an average of seasons, and the fact that it is proposed to turn it under green does not altar the case much. It is not the mere fertility, the elements of plant nutrition alone that grain crops of any kind take from the soil to the injury of trees, so much as the vast amount of moisture they take up and evaporate in the early spring just when the buds are beginning to push, and when the trees need all they can get, especially if the spring happens to be dry.

That is one great objection to the proposition. But the great and most serious one is that it is proposed to plough in an orchard, where a plough should never be allowed to go. If an orchard is of any value a plough will injure it more than the green rye turned under will do it good, a great deal more, so that the latter, as a green fertilizer, is no compensation for the former. No cultivation in an orchard should be so deep as to cut off the roots of trees, and deep spading like ploughing is the worst possible practice. Shallow work, like that of the cultivator or the horse hoe is the thing for an orchard.

Again, you apply guano this fall to stimulate the rye, and when the spring comes it will be guano no longer. Certain chemical changes take place in the soil more or less rapidly, by which the character of such fertilizers is altered, and you would be likely to lose every cent that the guano cost. As a matter of practice, therefore, the course you propose could not be recommended.—[ED.

Written for the Massachusetts Ploughman.

THE FARM AND FARMING OF N. S. WHITNEY, ST. ARMAND, P. Q.

Mr. Whitney is an extensive merchant in Montreal. Some seven years since, or in 1865, he came into possession of the ancestral farm and home in St. Armand, opposite the town of Franklin in Vermont, and determined at once to make it a summer residence for his family, and try his hand at farming, in the meantime.

The farm contained 160 acres, 40 of which, were in wood, but so poorly had it been managed, that it was capable of keeping only 10 cows, 10 sheep and one pair of horses. Nearly four times that amount of stock is now kept, with a limited amount of purchased food, in addition to what is raised on the farm.—To bring about this change a considerable outlay of money and labor has been necessary. The farm has been thoroughly underdrained with tile and stone, changing the character of a portion, entirely, the stone have been removed from the fields and put in substantial walls, and an excellent system of tillage and rotation adopted.

The buildings are in excellent order. The barns are large and well arranged for the purposes of the farm. The main barn is 31 by 84 feet, with 24 foot posts. The stable is in the lower story, about on a level with the ground outside. Through the center runs a wide alley, with a row of double stalls on one side and one of box stalls on the other, the whole being well lighted and ventilated. Behind these stalls is a slight depression for the manure, while *under* this runs a trench, water tight, about nine inches in depth by eighteen in width for the reception of the urine. Into this absorbents are placed muck usually, and by this method a large amount of fertilizing matter is secured, which might otherwise be lost. When I was there the stock was being bedded with sawdust.—Adjoining and convenient to the stable is a root cellar, capable of holding about 4000 bushels. Mr. Whitney raised a large quantity of roots, turnips principally, and cuts the feed for his stock during the winter. His method is quite different from that practiced by most farmers, and I here give it. He uses a horizontal lever horse-power, a hay cutter, capable of cutting a ton an hour. and root pulper that will cut the turnips into minute pieces as fast as a man can throw them into the hopper. A sufficient quantity of hay, corn fodder or straw, or all commixed, and roots are cut to last three days. This mass is well-mixed, no water being used, and thrown into a bin where it is allowed to remain three days previous to feeding. By this time the mass has become warm and a slight fermentation ensues. Meal can also be added if desirable. Two bins are necessary, one to be warming up while the other is being fed. The stock like this diet remarkably well and thrive finely upon it. The juicy nature of the turnips combines well with the dry character of the fodder, while the warmth generated by the combination is quite satisfactory, and is produced at much less cost than where cut hay and meal are mixed with warm water or steamed.

Mr. Whitney has this year five acres of turnips, one of the Yellow Aberdeen and four of the Purple Top Swede. Notwithstanding the extremely wet weather these were looking remarkably well, especially the latter, and will give a good crop if the remainder of the season is favorable. The bulk of the manure is used with this crop, and the following season the ground being in good condition from the manure and excellent cultivation, is seeded down to grass with some kind of grain crop. The land is usually kept under the plough three years; the first being devoted to oats.

A large quantity of fodder corn is raised, this year six acres. I saw one or two acres that was sown after a crop of hay had been taken off the land. This has already obtained a good growth and suggested the propriety and *profit* of devoting land to this crop, after one of hay had already been taken off, thus securing two crops in one season. It is intended to sow five acres to winter rye, to feed early next season, thus practicing to a greater extent the soiling system.

The gardens, ornamental grounds and vinery, are of ample proportions and kept in excellent order by an experienced gardener. The Black Hamburgh and Royal Muscantine grapes were just coming into eating condition, and were possessed of the finest flavor and substance. But the greatest feature of Mr. Whitney's farming is his herd of Ayrshires, which it would be difficult to match by one of its size in this country. It now consists of 38 animals of all ages. Last year it numbered 50, but has been reduced to this extent by extensive sales. The most of these animals were either imported by Mr. Whitney or are from this imported stock. The last of four importations was made by himself last year, consisting of five cows, and the character of these animals bears testimony to the good judgment and taste of the proprietor in the selection. Five nicer cows in one herd, it would be difficult to find. The cow "Rosie" was selected with especial reference to take the place of "Barrochan Maid," imported in 1870, after she had gained the Silver Challenge Cup at Sterling, open to all Scotland, as the best Ayrshire, and Silver Medal for the best cow of all the prize cows. Mr. Whitney has been so unfortunate as to lose the valuable animal from a pulmonary disease, and the only stock he has secured from her is the one-year-old bull "Pride of the Hills." The cow "Rosie" was bred by David Osborne, Paisley, Scotland. After winning prizes at all the local fairs, she won the first prize at the great exhibition of the Highland Society at Perth, July 1871, as the best cow in calf. She is a fine animal of good size, style and color (white and red), and is a great milker. Her first calf, "Neptune," dropped on board ship, is one-year-old past, dark red and white, a superior animal. "Stately," another of the cows last imported, has a nice heifer calf about three months old. This, as well as the other calves, some eight or ten in number, were looking remarkably well, exhibiting great care in feeding and rearing.—Several of the animals belonging to this herd have been sketched by the artist Page, and I think that some of the engravings have appeared in the *Ploughman*.

To conclude, I think that Mr. Whitney is doing good service in the importation and breeding of Ayrshires. His reputation as such, is being thoroughly established both in Canada and the United States, while his abundant resources and love of agricultural pursuits, will enable him to maintain a front rank among those few business men who turn their attention to farming, and show their faith in the occupation by their works. We trust that his success may continue and that the "Hills" will long be known in connection with his name, as a successful farmer and a promoter of the agricultural interests of our country. E. R. TOWLE.

West Berkshire, Vt., Sept. 1872.

CATTLE SHOWS.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

The Annual Exhibition of the Attleboro' Agricultural Society was holden Oct. 8th, 9th and 10th. This Society, although in its infancy, is a very enterprising and progressive one, the officers and citizens uniting one and all to make the annual gathering an attractive one, and in this respect they are successful. The large halls were filled with a variety of articles both useful and ornamental, while in the field were a large class of exhibitors presenting a variety of poultry, sheep, swine, cattle and horses. Among the latter, I noticed the names of C. E. Maynard, J. Briggs, C. E. Carpenter, B. E. Walcott, C. E. Hayward. Swine by J. D. Bates, E. Richardson, M. Mason, W. B. Lamb, M. Cole, F. Robinson, A. Bliss and E. S. Williams. Fat Cattle, G. Price, J. D. Richards, both presented some very fine animals. H. M. Mason, a large show of honey. J. Ellis, nineteen varieties of apples. B. Bowen, watermelon, weight, thirty-two pounds.

The number of individual contributors could be counted by the hundreds, and the needlework, wax, and various articles contributed by the ladies were in abundance. Fruit and vegetables, a very large show of each, and many articles worthy of mention. Agricultural and farming implements were contributed in large numbers by W. E. Barrett & Co., Providence, filling the large hall with a new selected variety of useful articles. This Society can but feel proud of the success attending them in this their second exhibition, and if this is to be an example of what is to follow, the various county societies in the State will have to work hard to keep ahead. Officers as follows: George Price, President; E. G. May, Treasurer; John T. Bates, Secretary. A.

LINSEED TEA FOR SICK HORSES.—The following item, which we find credited to an exchange, is well worth perusing:—

"Linseed tea is not only a valuable restorative for sick horses, but is exceedingly useful in cases of inflammation of the membranes peculiar to the organs of respiration and digestion; it shields and lubricates the same; tranquillizes the irritable state of the parts, and favors healthy action. We have prescribed linseed tea in large quantities, during the past month, for horses laboring under the prevailing influenza; they seemed to derive much benefit from it, and generally drank it with avidity. Aside from the benefit we derive from the action of mucilage and oil which the seed contains, its nutritive elements are of some account, especially when given to animals laboring under soreness in the organs of deglutition, which incapacitates from swallowing more solid food. In the event of an animal becoming prostrated by inability to masticate or swallow more food, linseed tea may be resorted to, and in case of irritable cough, the addition of a little honey makes it still more useful. In the latter form it may be given to animals laboring under acute or chronic diseases of the urinary apparatus, more especially of the kidneys.

"To make linseed tea—Put a couple of handsful of the seed into a bucket, and pour a gallon and a half of boiling water upon it. Cover it up a short time, then add a couple of quarts of cold water, when it will be fit for use."

The Dairy.

THE DAIRY—HOW TO GET AND KEEP A GOOD STOCK OF COWS.

BY CHESTER HAZEN, ESQ.

In selecting dairy stock make it a rule to get the best cows you can find. A very good way, one that will prove as satisfactory in its results as any, is to purchase one and two year old heifers, keeping them until they come in. Out of this lot some, with proper care, will make extra cows, while others will be of little value for dairy purposes, not worth their keeping. After a satisfactory trial the poor milkers can be turned into beef without loss, and the balance will, in most cases, be worth as much as the entire lot cost. In this way a start in the right direction is made.

The next thing is to make good use of the advantage you have gained; to increase and further improve your milking stock. For this purpose great care should be used in selecting the bull to breed from. Attention should be given to milking points, and constitution in both sex. No bull should be used that is not from a cow of good milking qualities, and the stronger those qualities are marked in her and her ancestors the better. Raise all the heifer calves from your best cows.

As a rule, large coarse cows are not the most desirable for the dairy, and therefore I desire to have the heifers come in when two years old. This seems to check the growth of the animal, both in bone and muscle, and develops the milking qualities instead. I am satisfied that in this way we secure better cows than when they commence giving milk at three years old, and also gain one year's time in bringing the animals into practical use.

There is a variety of opinions among agricultural writers and farmers as to the best method of raising the calves. The way adopted by most fancy stock breeders—to give the calf the milk of a good cow through the whole season—costs more than most dairy farmers can afford, as the milk at the present price of cheese would be worth $40 or $50, and the calf at eight or ten months of age would be worth no more for the dairyman's use than one raised in the common way.

My method differs from that of many others, but the results with me have been very satisfactory. It is as follows: Take the calf from the cow when it is one or two days old, and teach it to drink; give all new milk for two or three weeks, then commence mixing the skimmed milk with the new, being careful at first to use no milk over twenty-four hours old; continue to increase the proportion of skimmed milk until the calf is four or five weeks old, when it will do to give it all skimmed milk. As the calf grows older it will be safe to give older milk, and it will soon learn to drink sour milk and sour factory whey. I never put ground feed of any kind in the milk or whey, but always compare three or four weeks old, and when they give them a small quantity of it, or bran and oats, and they through the summer and fall do well.

The amount of milk required by a calf from one to three weeks old is from three to four quarts each feed, night and morning; a calf from two to four months old should have from four to six quarts to a feed. I always make each one drink by itself, and take special care to avoid over feeding, especially when giving sour whey. Calves fed in this manner through the summer and fall do well.

In the winter they should have from a pint to a quart of ground feed each day, with plenty of good hay. Oats and corn ground together are very good; and a little oil meal mixed with them will give excellent results. Give them good stables or sheds; feed regularly; salt once a week; furnish plenty of water and take good care of them, and there is no doubt but that they will do well; the heifers at two years of age will be good sized and thrifty cows, and will make better milkers than when raised in the ordinary way, or even, than when they are allowed to run three years before giving milk.

My cows, with the exception of a few half and quarter Durhams, are mostly native stock. I find that small or medium sized animals are usually the best milkers, and the most profitable to keep. Ayrshires are highly recommended for their dairy qualities. In 1870 and 1871 I purchased a number of this breed in Canada by way of experiment, and now have two full blooded cows, two bulls and two calves. The cows are excellent milkers, and the breed seems in every way to be adapted to this climate, being medium size, good feeders, tough and hardy. My object in getting this breed was to improve my dairy stock, and the result has fully answered my expectations.

The care and food of a dairy are of as much importance as the proper selection of the cows; for even good cows unless well fed and cared for are poor property, yielding little or no profit. They should always have good, comfortable stables in the winter, be liberally supplied with the best quality of hay, with a light feed (from one to two quarts) of meal each day. With this treatment, if fed and watered regularly, they will pass the winter in good condition, be fat enough for beef in the spring, and will not have to lay on flesh for a number of weeks before they come to a full flow of milk.

To secure the most satisfactory results, good pastures should be provided; the tame grasses, timothy and clover, are the best. A daily mess of ground feed through the summer will be found profitable; and some provision (sowing corn or some other crop to cut up green) should be made for droughts or short feed in the fall. Pastures should have plenty of pure water in them, easily accessible at all times. Shade trees or some kind of shelter from the scorching heat of the sun are essential to the comfort, and consequently to the profitableness of the cows. When the weather is warm and the flies are troublesome, they should have a pasture to run in nights. At this season of the year they will feed more in the night than during the day.

Good careful hands at the milk pail are very essential in the proper management of the diary. Each milker should have the same cows assigned to him to milk regularly night and morning, and the milking should be done, as near as possible, at the same hour each day.

It is eminently true that the better the care taken of the cows, and the better they are fed, the greater will be the flow of milk. The special aim of every dairyman should be to get the greatest amount of milk from a given number of cows, for in this they will find their greatest profit. The above are the conclusions reached from my twenty years' personal experience in dairying in Wisconsin.—*Wisconsin State Agricultural Society Report.*

WORMS IN FLOWER POTS. Many ladies are puzzled how to get rid of the detestable worms that will infest the earth in their flower-pots. The following recipe, which we find in an exchange, is recommended to destroy the pests: "Put one ounce of ammonia into one gallon of warm water, and water the plants with it once a week; they will be free from these worms, and be beautiful and green. To kill the little bugs that get on the oleander, take a piece of lime the size of a hen's egg, and dissolve it in about two quarts of water, and wash the stock and branches of the tree.

☞ Pruning evergreens may be done after the season's growth is made, and when the new wood is hardening. A badly-shaped tree may be made comely by the proper use of the knife. By all means, preserve the lower branches, as the great beauty of an evergreen is in its being well furnished to the ground. If upper branches overhang the lower tiers, the last will die out for want of light and air. A little judicious pruning will prevent this.—*Ex.*

The Poultry Interest.

KEEP BUT ONE VARIETY.

There is a large class of persons who buy and exhibit fowls merely from a feeling of pride in their possession; not that they love or care for them in reality, but from the same feeling which leads a wealthy man, with no love whatever for art, to buy and hang on his walls the most expensive pictures. There may be at first a slight passing interest in the birds, but that is all; and when the fowls that have been thus purchased, regardless of expense, die, or get out of condition from overshowing, the interest comes to an end along with the success, for their progeny is in all probability worthless. Disgust follows, and another so-called fancier "gives up" a pursuit which he never really entered into at all.

We shall however suppose that from some cause or other a real interest in and love for fowls has been awakened, and that the amateur desires to enter upon the cultivation of some one or two of the many varieties which await his choice. We say one or two, for to attempt at first to keep many is to fail almost of necessity. Each variety demands not only judgment and care, but to some extent a trained eye. It will be found, in fact, that one variety spoils and biases the eye in judging another of a very different character; and though long experience and the constant sight of birds will to some extent correct this, as is the case with a few large breeders and judges, we have heard one of the best judges in England say that he could never judge a Game class to his satisfaction if compelled to take it immediately after judging Dorkings. But attempting more than one or two varieties, also, all the practical difficulties of breeding, hatching, rearing and selecting increased tremendously, and what might be a pleasure, becomes really a painful anxiety, burdensome alike to mind and body. Even of the great breeders, who to a fair extent have succeeded in all the varieties they keep, scarcely any have succeeded in keeping a commanding position as regards more than one or two, and this lesson should be well regarded by the mere amateur.—*Wright's Illustrated Book of Poultry.*

CLEANLINESS IN THE POULTRY HOUSE.—The poultry house should often be cleaned, especially in summer. In the spring it must be thoroughly gone over in every part, for absolute cleanliness is one of the essentials to success in poultry keeping. Carbolic acid dissolved in water, should be sprinkled over the floors, and other wood-work of the house, and a little may be added to the whitewash that is used for whitening the partitions, ceilings, etc. The material for nests should be often changed, as they are most apt to get foul, and especially so if the poultry do not be at liberty. Here also will be required in the manipulation. They must be regularly fed, with a variety of food, have plenty of pure water and sharp gravel, comfortable quarters, and good nesting places, if you expect to reap a harvest of eggs, and chickens, as the result of the care bestowed upon the poultry. The additional labor will return good dividends.—*Boston Journal of Chemistry.*

INFLUENCE OF FOOD ON POULTRY.—The influence of the food of poultry upon the quality and flavor of their flesh and eggs, has not generally been taken into consideration: but it is now well ascertained that great care should be exercised in regard to this matter. In some instances it has been attempted to feed poultry on a large scale in France on horse-flesh, and, although they devour this substance very greedily, it has been found to give them a very unpleasant flavor. The best fattening material for chickens is said to be Indian corn-meal and milk; and certain large poultry establishments in France use this entirely, to the advantage both of the flesh and of the eggs.

Miscellaneous.

WINTERING VEGETABLES.

It is one thing to raise a good crop of vegetables, but quite another thing to keep them safely through the winter. It is, doubtless, the fact that more vegetables are lost during the winter than all the colds, because most persons crowd such things together in large quantities, and then cover them deeply to keep out the frost. When placed in cellars, the windows are closed, and in the more northern States, banked up with, perhaps, fresh horse manure from the stable. Of course it is necessary to keep potatoes, turnips, beets and similar roots from freezing; still they and beets in particular, are very liable to heat and become spoiled if a large quantity is placed together; and potatoes are often injured by being stored in large bins, instead of being put in barrels or spread thinly upon shelves in a dark cellar. When buried in the ground, small heaps, say twenty to thirty bushels in each, is best.

Celery.—Celery that is not sufficiently blanched when cool nights come on, and there is danger of frosts, should be banked up to the topmost point of the leaves; then cover with straw or boards. When the ground begins to freeze, dig up and place all in a narrow trench, in some dry and convenient place where it can be protected from frost and still be got at when wanted for use. Pure sand is better than soil to pack in among the roots and stems for winter preservation.

Parsnips and Salsify.—As these roots are benefited by freezing, or are at least not injured by it, they may be dug up and placed in a trench and only slightly protected; just sufficient to admit of taking out what are wanted for use during winter. If they are only wanted for use in the spring, then they may be allowed to remain where grown.

Onions will withstand far more cold than is usually supposed. If packed dry in tight barrels and all interstices filled with chaff, they may be kept in a barn or where they will freeze quite hard, and not be injured, provided the barrels are closed tight and not opened until the onions are again thawed.—Onions stored in a warm cellar are very likely to sprout in winter, and then decay, emitting anything but an agreeable odor.

The too general custom in this country of putting all kinds of vegetables in the cellar under the dwelling house is not conducive to the health of the inmates at least; besides, it is scarcely possible to keep all kinds equally well preserved in the same temperature. It is a far better plan to store the different kinds separate, or at least place them where ventilation can be had when necessary. Potatoes and carrots are about the only roots that can be preserved in a cellar which is not well ventilated in winter; and then no very large quantity can be placed together.

Cabbages.—This is one of the quickest decaying vegetables, if kept in a warm place; and the usual practice in this vicinity is to set the heads in a furrow, with the roots up, and then cover very lightly with earth. In such a position they remain frozen nearly all winter, and come out in the spring almost as fresh as when gathered in autumn. We cannot say how this plan would answer farther north or south; but it answers every purpose here, and New York city market is supplied in winter and spring from the open fields.

We believe that as a rule farmers fail in preserving their vegetables simply because they try to keep too many kinds together, and all in far too warm a temperature.—*Rural New Yorker.*

CUTTING DOWN ASPARAGUS.

Mr. Sargent writes:—"The *earlies, best* and *largest* asparagus in this neighborhood, is in the garden of a slovenly cultivator, who cuts all his spears or seed stems down immediately after the asparagus season is over—repeats this process once or twice during the summer, thus never having any seed; in fact, at this moment his beds are as smooth as the back of your hands. And this is not only their usual appearance, but this has been his habit for five or ten years. Now if my neighbor's course is correct, all other cultivators of asparagus are *entirely wrong.*

"I should like to hear what you have got to say about this. I am aware the ripening of seed somewhat diminishes the vitality of the plant. All growers of plants are told not to let them seed; but on the other hand, your theory about strengthening lawns by occasionally letting the grass grow to kill out the weeds, on the principle that the longer and stronger the tops of grass, the longer and stronger the roots, would be entirely opposed to my neighbor's theory of practice with his asparagus.

This very suggestive note of Mr. Sargent' may be of great value to cultivators, if they will give it careful study, in connection with known laws of plant life.

First, there is no doubt, for this has been proved over and over again, that if we cut away every spear of asparagus as soon as it appears above the ground, never allowing one to appear above the ground, the plant would be weakened; and if the same course be pursued the second year, it would be entirely destroyed. This plan is successfully pursued in the destruction of Canada Thistle, Horse Nettle, and other terrible pests.

Secondly, it is also well known that after the time of flowering, there is a terrible effort on the vital functions of the whole plant, root and branch. After flowering the Mignonette produces seeds and dies, but if every flower be picked off as it appears, the Mignonette becomes a perennial, and there appears no limit to its duration. The strength of the root is therefore, assisted by non-flowering or fruiting. This accords with Mr. Sargent's observations on the asparagus.

But we must not forget our first point. Remembering the first and second position together, it would seem to be a good thing to let asparagus grow up to the time of flowering, and then to cut the stems entirely away. Mr. Sargent also suggests a danger which may occur in lawn management. In order to strengthen the roots, and to smother out fine growing weeds, one might let their lawns go uncut for one season; but the grass should be cut *before flowering*, or the exhaustion will be greater than the gain. Agriculturists also may reap a lesson. If they wish to take hay a second year from the same land, the grass should be cut as early as possible the first season.—*Gardener's Monthly.*

FALL WORK TO KILL WEEDS.

If there is a field on the farm which is so thoroughly infested with quack, Canada thistles or other foul weed that its culture is unremunerative, or if its soil is hard and needs exposure to the air and frost to ameliorate it, then it is a suitable subject for the genuine fallowing process. This should begin early in the fall with a thorough ploughing, to be followed immediately by harrowing, to induce as rank and complete a growth of weeds as possible. The next step is a second ploughing, just previous to the setting in of winter, but when the soil is dry and friable. The harrowing should be omitted after this second ploughing, and the surface of the field should be left as rough as possible, so that the frost and air may penetrate the soil and take effect on whatever roots there may be in it. The tillage will give the roots of the most vital weeds a set back from which they cannot easily recover.

Next spring, when the soil becomes dry and in good condition to work the field should be harrowed down smooth, and about the first of June another and final ploughing given it. The cultivation subsequent to this must be done with the cultivator and harrow, and so frequently that no vegetation can struggle into growth. If the roots of quack abound near the surface, a strong toothed rake should be employed to bring them into heaps where they may be burned. By raking and cultivating the surface to the depth of four or five inches it can be completely cleared of roots and a fine tilth given the entire top soil. Roots buried deeper than this will be smothered and thus destroyed. An important point in this plan of tillage is to do the work so thoroughly during the second season that no green blade can appear on the surface. In the fall the field will be in fine condition for a crop of winter grain, and seeds will be effectually subdued.—*Rural Home.*

CELERY AS A NERVINE.—A correspondent of the *Practical Farmer* says: "I have known as many men, and woman, too, who, from various causes, had become so much affected with nervousness that when they stretched out their hands they

The Ploughman.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCT. 19, 1872.

Mr. Seward.—The death of this eminent public man was within the limit of probability at any time. He had never recovered from the blows of the assassin on the evening of Mr. Lincoln's murder, which were unquestionably the cause of his muscular paralysis, from which he suffered for the past few years. It would require a column to descant properly on his public character and career. He will always be remembered as the announcer of "the higher law" in the Senate, and of "the impressible conflict" on the stump; while as Secretary of State during the administrations of Presidents Lincoln and Johnson he won a lasting fame. It was he who carried the country through four years of bloody intestine strife without involving it in any of those troubles which more than one foreign power was ready to precipitate upon us from without; and for that alone he deserves to be held in perpetual gratitude.—"One war at a time," was Mr. Lincoln's maxim; and Mr. Seward seconded him most successfully in carrying it out in practice.

James Anthony Froude.—The eminent publishing New York firm, Messrs. Scribner, Armstrong & Co., gave a fitting entertainment to this distinguished gentleman on Tuesday last at Delmonico's, at which a large assembly of literary men and women were present. It was a deserved compliment to one who has written the best history extant on a limited portion of English history—from the fall of Wolsey to the death of Elizabeth, covering about three-quarters of a century, and including the profoundly important era of the Protestant Reformation. Mr. Froude's estimate of Henry the Eighth and other historical characters has excited a live opposition among literary critics. His style is indescribably fascinating. He was twenty years engaged in producing these dozen volumes. Whoever has not yet read this passage of history from his powerful pen, may feel happy over what is in store for them.

Purging France of Bonapartism.—Prince Napoleon and his wife, the Princess Clothilde, having thought proper to return to Paris and domicile themselves there to await future events, the government resolved to make them an example of its intentions and temper toward the overthrown Empire and all its adherents. Accordingly a notification was sent them to leave France forthwith. Both peremptorily refused. A government agent was therefore sent to wait on them, attended by two gendarmes, and in half an hour from the time fixed for their departure, they were on their way, under official escort, out of the country. M. Thiers evidently does not mean to tamper with defunct Bonapartism, nor have it tamper with him. He is on the road to Republicanism, and the Prince was in Paris to place obstructions in the way as soon as he found opportunity.

"Fanny Fern."—Last Sunday, in the rain and gloom, the lifeless remains of this everywhere known writer of sprightly sketches and sparkling morals were borne to the tomb at Mt. Auburn, followed by a few relatives and friends. She died peacefully, her last request being that no stranger eyes should be allowed to look upon her features. It was the wish of a sensitive nature. Mrs. Parton was a member of a remarkable family, her father and grandfather having been publishers of papers in their day; her brother, N. P. Willis, having even a very wide distinction with his pen, and a still surviving brother, Richard Willis, being a distinguished musical critic and composer. No female writer, in this or any other country, readers as Fanny Fern. She had all the vivacious qualities of the French memoir writers, while her passing sketches were suffused with a natural pathos, and pointed with a bristling, practical moral. Her death was singularly affecting in its circumstances, and she leaves behind her thousands of friendly hearts that will lament her decease, as well as those who constituted her own household.

A Base Assassination.—The murder of one of the most respected merchants of Boston in his own door, to which he had come in answer to the bell, is the foulest and most shocking ever perpetrated in the city. The mystery is still unexplained. The general belief is that the assassin mistook the house of his intended victim, as Mr. Lane was not known to have an enemy in the world. The city authorities have promptly offered a reward of five thousand dollars for any clue that shall lead to the murderer's detection, to which it is probable the family will add more. The boldness of the act makes people feel an insecurity in their own houses that fills them with alarm. The absence of all motive for the base crime helps to lock it up tighter in mystery, and from present appearances another murder is to go upon our local record without the name of its perpetrator even set down by the pen of justice against it.

The Gilmore Ball.—The time at which we go to press forbids more than an allusion to the great Gilmore Ball at the Coliseum, which was designed as a fitting testimonial to the originator of the Musical Festival of Boston. The preparations for this Ball were on the very largest scale, and the response of the public to the appeal of the managers was as generous as the deserving beneficiary himself could have asked. After all these things are well over, the great wooden palace of music will undoubtedly come down. The subscribers to the guarantee fund have been called on to make good the deficiency occasioned by the vast expenses of the Festival, and that is probably the last that will be said about the structure.

An Ugly Rumor.—There is a story flying about that Mrs. Fair and Josephine Mansfield design taking the lecture platform. If so, and the general public fail instantly to signify their indignant disapprobation of the scandal, then our pleasant and profitable lecturing system collapses and disappears. But in the first place we do not credit the story; and in the next place, we have perfect confidence in that public sentiment which would rise up to scourge back so shameless a demonstration to the base retreat from which it dares thus openly to emerge. All the elements of social morality have not yet quite disappeared. Rather than finally surrender its rights and privileges to the approach of such brazen characters, we have faith that society would, in its just anger, make such an example of the defiance of its authority as to forbid a repetition for a long future.

Romance of Charity.—All men cannot expect equal good fortune with the following, but still it will answer as a selfish stimulant, if nothing more. A Mr. Hanley failed in business in Cincinnati forty-five years ago, and a stranger named Davis assisted him to start again. Shortly afterwards he was burned out. Mr. Davis renewed his offer of assistance, which Mr Hanley gratefully accepted and went away from Cincinnati. We suppose, of course, that the debt has long ago been repaid, but the story is that Mr. Hanley is now just dead in Texas, and that he has left his entire fortune, amounting to three millions of dollars, to Mr. Davis. That is casting one's bread upon the waters to some purpose. As we said before, all men cannot expect to be rewarded as lavishly as Mr. Davis has been, but they are still at liberty to entertain angels unawares.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

PARKERSBURG, WEST VIRGINIA, Oct. 12th, 1872.

We reached this thriving town, on the banks of the Ohio river, this evening, after a most delightful trip over the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. This railroad is certainly one which will compare favorably with any road in America, not only in its extensive equipment and splendid condition of road bed, but in the variegated character of the country through which it passes. Leaving Baltimore over the regular line to Washington until you reach the Relay House, where the famous Massachusetts Sixth Regiment was quartered during the early part of the Rebellion, and thence diverging to the right, winding up the valley of the river by Point of Rocks, Harper's Ferry, and Martinsburg, places all famous in our national history, we see a country comparatively unoccupied and yet as inviting to the farmer as any of the prairie lands of the great west. Passing from Martinsburg through rock cut and valley, beneath many a mountain tunnel and over many a winding stream, we reach the famous Ohio river at this place. The mountain scenery from the car window as we pass over the line of the railroad, is grand beyond description. We are yet to be made to believe that the wild mountain peaks of Switzerland can inspire grander emotions or awake a deeper and more devotional sentiment.

Certain it is, that whoever passes from the East to the West and fails to make use of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, neglects an opportunity for viewing American mountain scenery in its wildest and grandest form.

The Maryland Institute Fair.

On passing through Baltimore we took occasion, as we had determined before leaving Boston, to visit the Institute Fair. A drive of a few miles through the most beautiful part of the Monumental City brought us to the grounds. They are certainly well located and are accessible by steam transportation as well as by carriage road. It was noon when we reached the grounds, and from a general and careful observation we fully decided that the exhibition, the attendance and the arrangements were all first class.

The Fair a Success.

It is safe to say that the exhibition of 1872 will prove a success, considered both in the light of a meritorious collection of splendid stock and interesting articles, and as a pecuniary success for the society, enabling it in the future to offer greater and more attractive entertainments. The visitors yesterday to the grounds numbered several thousand, and all seemed fully satisfied with the display, and the officers of the society were in many instances congratulated on having presented so creditable an exhibition, considering the many obstacles they had to encounter; the bad weather of the previous years having had a depressing effect on exhibitors, and prevented many from exhibiting at the present fair.

The Agricultural Department.

This department of the fair—one of general interest to all who visit the grounds—will be found of great interest. Nearly all the stables for horses and stalls for cattle are filled, and among the former are some splendid animals, imported thoroughbreds as well as quick draft horses for general utility and heavy draft. The magnificent stallion, Ismael Pacha, exhibited by Colonel Jennifer, attracted general attention.

Though small, the animal is most symmetrically proportioned, and his every outline and action indicates the purity of the blood from which he sprang. The splendid Percherons of W. T. Walters, Esq., with their ponderous frames, also attracted the attention of the visitors, and excited general admiration. "Minnie Perry," a blood mare, owned by General Johnson Hagood, of Barnwell, was also exhibited, and was shown by Red Eye. Many other splendid animals are among those on exhibition.

The House-hold Department.

The household department, or, as it has been denominated, "Floral Hall," was crowded with visitors during the day. As already noticed, the entire hall beneath the grand stand is devoted to the display of household articles and light articles of machinery, much of which latter, however, was afterwards removed to the lawn without. The hall has been very tastefully decorated, under the direction of the corresponding secretary of the society, Mr. W. S. G. Baker, and is well stocked with articles of general interest, including a fine floral display.

After paying our respects to the efficient officers of the society, and receiving from them marked attention, we found our way back to the city and started on our further pilgrimage among the farmers of the Ohio and Mississippi valleys.

Past and Present.—It is often disputed whether the people of the present day are on the whole as well off and happy as those of two and three generations ago. Whether they are better may be a fair question, but whether they are better off will not, we think, admit of much dispute. Materially, it is unquestionable that the present generation has comforts and sources of enjoyment that to its predecessors were unknown. A good test, too, is the fact that human life averages longer, in consequence of increased sanitary knowledge. The laboring man and mechanic purchases more for himself and family, lays up more, lives in better style, and reads books that were debarred their use in former days. It is not properly a question of mere money, but of comfort, intelligence, and enjoyment, and general state of health; and in all these respects the present time is the superior many fold to those which have gone before. Every man instinctively answers in the affirmative.

Risen Chicago.—The marvellous city of the Lake, which lay prostrate in its own ashes only a short year ago, has just commemorated the first return of the event by public discourses, meetings, and a frank exposition of what has since been done, in the public journals. The result shows Chicago to be a city as wonderful in adversity as in prosperity. The recuperative power will ever be a marvel to the world. The business of the city has increased instead of diminishing, which is the greatest wonder of all. The cost of the buildings that have been erected in the burnt district during the year is forty-five and a half millions of dollars. This includes thirteen new hotels, to which still others are to be added, and four elevators, with another nearly completed. The dry goods houses are now the same as in 1871, while the business has increased one-fifth.—Chicago is destined to a greater renown than before.

The Small Pox.—The city authorities have not yet succeeded in fixing upon a site for a small pox hospital. An order was introduced last week to take the old Roxbury Almshouse in the rear of the Highlands proper, for that purpose, but a strong remonstrance was raised against it, and the order was laid over for a hearing. The physicians appointed to visit all houses in the city, have found a large number of unvaccinated persons, confined to the poorer localities of the city. The number of deaths last week from the disease was twenty-two.

RUBINSTEIN.—The eminent Russian pianist and composer Anton Rubinstein, gave his first concert in Boston last Monday evening. He is justly called the king of pianists, and the impression made upon a Boston audience fully sustained his reputation. The audience was not large but very appreciative, and his performances elicited the most unbounded admiration. The associate artists who took part in his concert acquitted themselves with a fair degree of success.

DINNER TO JAS. ANTHONY FROUDE

The dinner given Tuesday evening by Messrs. Scribner, Armstrong & Co., in honor of the English historian, James Anthony Froude, was a notable affair in every respect. The occasion called together the most distinguished literary men from all parts of the East, and the company that sat down in Delmonico's private dining-hall that evening was a fine representation of the thought and culture of America. Mr. George William Curtis occupied the chair, and on his right sat the guest of the evening, with Ralph Waldo Emerson, Henry Ward Beecher, Dr. Potter, of Grace Church, and Dr. Bellows. On the left of the Chair sat two of the most venerable scholars of this country—the white-haired poet, William Cullen Bryant, and ex-President Woolsey, of Yale College; also, the popular lecturer, Dr. Chapin, Dr. William Adams, of Madison Avenue Church, and Dr. Schenck, of St. Ann's, Brooklyn. At the table there were also present Parke Godwin, of the *Evening Post*, Col. Higginson, George W. Child, of the *Philadelphia Ledger*, R. H. Stoddard, Bert Harte, President White, of Cornell University, Judge Daly, Whitelaw Reid, Dr. Field, of the *Evangelist*, Dr. Prince, of the *Observer*, Dr. Holland (Timothy Titcomb), George Jones, of the *Times*, Major Bundy, of the *Evening Mail*, and others of note in the literary world. Indeed, a complete list of the guests would read like a roster of the writers and thinkers of America.

Mr. Curtis's speech, after the dinner had reached the ultimate stage of coffee and cigars, was a model production in that elegant speaker's most captivating vein. It was full of good points, which representation in brief would only spoil, and was followed by a somewhat more extended response by Mr. Froude, in which the relations of America, England and Ireland were succinctly touched upon. Mr. Emerson followed Mr. Froude in a thoroughly characteristic speech, and after him short remarks were made by Mr. Bryant, Mr. Beecher, Judge Daly, Dr. Chapin, President White, Dr. Bellows, Dr. Schenck and Col. Higginson, Dr. Holland closing in behalf of the hosts, Messrs. Scribner, Armstrong & Co., and of publishers in general. In addition to these speeches letters of regret were received from Prof. Longfellow, President Elliott, Mr. Whittier, Rev. Dr. Hedge, Dr. McCosh, Mr. Howells, Mr. J. R. Osgood, Hon. J. H. B. Latrope and others. The members of the house of Scribner, Armstrong & Co. were present, and were the recipients of many congratulations upon the success of this formal reception of the English historian.

A Gentleman Shot at his Door.—Last Sunday evening shortly before nine o'clock, Mr. Charles Lane, of the firm of Lane & Co., wool dealers, residing in Dorchester, heard his door bell ring, and on going to the door was met by a man with an umbrella, who, without any words, fired a pistol at Mr. Lane, the shot taking effect in the abdomen, and then deliberately walked off. Mr. Lane staggered up stairs, and the physicians who were at once called were unable to find the ball, and were uncertain whether the wound was fatal or not. The police secured the district without finding any trace of the villain. The family cannot give the slightest reason for this deadly attack upon Mr. Lane. Mr. Lane died on Monday.

WASHINGTON STREET EXTENSION.—The long talked of city improvement of the extension of Washington street to Haymarket Square has been under consideration this season, and there is a general desire that the improvement should be adopted. The street commissioners have sent to the city council a plan for the extension, and after full investigation the committee of the aldermen have recommended the plan to that body. The report was presented, and it seems more than probable that before long we shall have an easy and convenient route of connection by a continuous street between the north and south part of the city.

NEW COURT HOUSE.—After a long consideration of the subject of locating the new court house for Suffolk County, the committee who have had it in charge have settled upon the square bounded by Mount Vernon, Hancock, Derne and Temple streets, including the old reservoir, which is no longer of any use. The lot recommended contains sixty-four thousand feet, and the assessors' valuation of the land proposed to be taken is $227,500, to which add the value of the reservoir lot $178,000, makes about $400,000 as the cost of the land. The order lies over for further hearing.

FANNY FERN.—The maiden name of Fanny Fern, who died last week was Sarah P. Willis, she was a daughter of Nathaniel Willis, for a long time editor of the Boston *Recorder*, and was brother of Nathaniel P. Willis the poet, and was born in Portland, Me., July 7, 1811. Most of her early life, with the exception of the first six years, was spent in Boston. Her education was received in Hartford, at the school of Miss Catherine Beecher. She was married to Charles W. Eldridge, cashier of the Merchants' Bank, Boston; and after a number of years of happy married life was, by the death of her husband, thrown upon her own resources and compelled to seek employment to procure means to support herself and two children. In 1851, she made her first essay in literature; and prepared an article which she offered without success to several of the Boston papers. One of them was at length persuaded to accept it, and other articles followed, which gained at once a wide popularity, and carried her *nom de plume* over the country. In 1853, "Fern Leaves," a collection of sketches, was published, and gained the enormous circulation of 70 000 copies. "Little Ferns," a book of similar character, followed; and then "Fern Leaves, Second Series." "Ruth Hall," "Rose Clark," "Fresh Leaves" and the "Play-Day Book" appeared in 1856 and 1857. In January of the former year she was married to James Parton, one of the most popular historical writers of the present day. Her engagements for the last few years of her life were exclusively with the New York *Ledger*, which paper she furnished with bright, breezy sketches. Some of these were collected a year or two ago into a volume entitled "Folkes As They Fly."

THE VERMONT CENTRAL RAILROAD.—The report of the committee appointed at the meeting of the Vermont Central railroad company fully sustained the positions of the Trustees as developed in their report, and they recommended the raising of a loan of nearly two million dollars by the issue of the eight per cent bonds heretofore authorized by the court of chancery, at ninety per cent., the bonds to be the first lien on the road, which it is understood the court will sustain. Upwards of seven hundred thousand dollars of the loan was subscribed last week, and there is a strong probability that it will all be taken.

THE HOTTEST MONTH ON RECORD.—The Philadelphia *Medical Times* presents some interesting statistics from observations made in Philadelphia which go to show that the month of August, 1872, was the hottest on record for the past eighty-three years. The mean temperature was 81.64 degrees, the highest point reached 97.00 degrees. The average mean temperature of the same month for the past eighty-three years was 73.33 degrees, and the highest mean of temperature during all that time was that for the present year. A similar comparison of observations reveals the fact that the summer, as a whole, was the hottest on record. The mean temperature for the three summer months of 1872 was 80.00 degrees; the average for the last eighty-three years 73.67 degs., and the highest mean during that entire period was that of the present year.

READ AND RUN.

—A strong force of foreign lecturers is now in this country, including such men as the historian Froude, and the scientist, Prof. Tyndall.

—Carrying pistols and other concealed weapons is a habit that should be broken up as soon as possible. It is attended with peril to every one.

—Twenty acres of the Gladiolus plant rejoice the eyes and heart of a Long Island florist.

—Mr. Beecher's church silver wedding proved at once a most interesting and pathetic affair, and will long be remembered by those who participated in it.

—All the soldiers that lie buried in the national cemeteries are to have headstones, and bids are being sent in to supply them according to the appropriation of Congress.

—The three great central railways have united to raise the freight tariff to the West.

—The President promises to look after the Mexican robbers who have been running off the stock of the Texan frontiersmen, these many years past. It is high time they received their deserts.

—The Metropolitan Horse Railroad Company of this city are using the patent conductor's punch, which tests the honesty of their employees pretty thoroughly. It is new, ingeniously constructed, and when a passenger passes up his fare or ticket he and the car-load are entitled to hear a little *ding ring*.

—Eleven hundred German emigrants arrived in a steamer from Hamburg at New Orleans, last week, destined for Texas.

—It costs a dollar a minute to light the Colosseum with gas.

—Old Spain shows symptoms of breaking out in violent insurrections, which will be apt to cool her ardor somewhat for subduing the Cubans.

—The State Department at Washington was shrouded in mourning for the death of Mr. Seward, and the Secretary represented by two of the clerks at the deceased statesman's funeral.

—We have now come within the line of sharp night frosts, which are usually relied on to clear away sundry nuisances and disease.

—The money market is showing decided signs of ease, after such a stringency as tested the strength and patience of the entire business community for weeks.

—The Boston Water Park will no doubt be immediately adopted as a measure by the City in connection with Cambridge and the Park commissioners, and we shall see our way to such a plan for a Public Park as will attract the gratitude of all citizens and the admiration of strangers.

—Gen. Crook thought he had captured at least two of the Indians who were engaged in the murder of young Fred. Loring and others, last year, on the plains.

—Chicago is now able to store a round million bushels more of grain in her elevators than she was one year ago.

—A citizen of the Sixteenth Ward (Dorchester) was called to his front door last Sunday evening by the ringing of the bell, when an unknown man presented a pistol, fired, and fled. The gentleman received the bullet in the abdomen, and was fatally wounded.

—The death of Mr. Seward has created a profound impression throughout the country.

—Bangor has just been afflicted with the most destructive fire that has visited that city since 1869.

—Women as well as men are now slaughtered almost every day by walking on the railroads.

—Prince Bonaparte and the Princess Clothilde have been marched out of France by the order of the government of Thiers.

—Two hundred cases of brandy and six hundred barrels of whiskey have been fished up from the bottom of the Mississippi, near Memphis, where they have lain securely since 1861.

—Ambitious travellers now aspire to permanent renown by carving their names on the Druidical pillars of Stonehenge, in England.

—A Baltimore company has just completed a bridge across a chasm in the Andes, building it twelve thousand feet above the level of the sea.

—One of the Swiss Cantons pays its chief magistr te forty dollars a year, and he probably manages to lay up something pretty on it.

—A complete set of the new gold and silver coin of Japan has been presented by the Japanese Minister to the Smithsonian Institute.

—A fashionable ball boy is now described as a very small negro, in a very tight suit, and spotted all over with very bright brass buttons.

—The Oregon State Fair has had on exhibition a winged calf. Those things are to be seen on the stones of Nineveh.

—Cabs are becoming a subject of disgust to Londoners, and they are feeling out for something better.

—The earthquake, and the intestine disturbance in Portugal to be on its travels eastward.

—A severe storm of rain off the coast of Texas has completely submerged Brazos Island.

—A girl fourteen years old, who was tending cows in Wisconsin, was eaten up by the wolves. They can hardly keep the wolf from the door, then.

—Petroleum discoveries have warmed the heart of Germany. Oil's well!

—The first fain' flakes of snow fell in this city last Saturday, but were not generally observed.

—Cholera is reported as having got well into Poland, where it is committing its fatal ravages in many towns.

—The streets of Belfast, Ireland, are said to be crowded with refugees from Alsace and Lorraine, in their way to the United States and a secure home.

—Extensive smuggling operations on the Canada line and in the Gulf ports have called forth a special circular from the Treasury Department.

—An eleven thousand mile race between two ocean steamers is announced, the course being from Liverpool to Callao.

—A young lady clerk in one of the Departments at Washington came forward and claimed to be the wife of Robert Aulick, brother of Mrs. Secretary Robeson, who recently died of apoplexy. They had been secretly married for six months, and Mr. Aulick left a fortune of fifty thousand dollars.

—A wife poisoner in Harrisburg has been sentenced to the Penitentiary for thirty-six years.

—Steps are now taking to secure a new Court House for Boston on the site of the Beacon Hill Reservoir, which fronts on four streets.

—A Philadelphia ex-member of Congress has absquatulated with twenty thousand dollars, taking the whole fortune of two widows with the care of which he was entrusted.

—The City Government offers a reward of five thousand dollars to any one who will put the police on the track to discover the murderer of Mr. Lane, last Sunday evening.

—The work on the Texas Pacific Railroad is to be pushed energetically during the winter.

—Twelve thousand dollars in confederate notes brought two dollars and a half in greenbacks, at an auction sale in Virginia last week.

—Tweed's trial in New York for some reason is postponed from time to time, and people are beginning to grumble pretty loudly about it.

—Mr. Seward's funeral was very largely attended, although the day was one of rain. Many distinguished men were present from different parts of the country.

—The weather probabilities have served an excellent turn, from day to day, in warning cultivators against approaching fr sts.

—There has been another steamboat disaster on Lake Michigan, though happily unattended with loss of life.

—One of the modern styles of bank robberies has been successfully perpetrated on the Saratoga County Bank, N. Y., whereby it was made a sufferer to the extent of three hundred thousand dollars.

—The water committee has examined the conduit all the way from Lake Cochituate to Brookline. They performed the task in boats, though not a little wading was done.

—A Methodist Presiding Elder has committed suicide in Cincinnati, incited thereto by grief for the loss of his two daughters.

—The foreign musicians are just now carrying the city by storm.

—The most gorgeous auroral display of this or of several seasons was visible just at dusk, last Monday evening. It extended from the East as far as to Cincinnati.

—The Governor of the Commonwealth ordered a salute of thirty-eight guns, last Monday noon, in honor of the anniversary of the discovery of America by Christopher Columbus. This opens a chance for a new holiday.

—On Saturday night last, the workmen in an up town bakery got into so serious a dispute among themselves that it was found necessary to lodge them for the night in the lock-up, and in consequence the people who were wont to draw their Sunday morning rations of baked beans from that establishment, waited in line for a long time, and then in vain, for their regular esculent.

—There are 320 students in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

—Harvard University is carving a name for itself abroad, in the emulous ascent by some of its graduates of the Jungfrau, in Swisserland.

—Prof. Tyndall's lecture course before the Lowell Institute has been inaugurated with the most overwhelming success.

—It is rumored that one of our most popular city churches contemplates the issue of quarterly tickets to pew holders. Su h an idea would soon work a complete revolution in church affairs.

NATIONAL THANKSGIVING, NOV. 28.

President Grant's Proclamation.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Oct. 11, 1872.

By the President of the United States of America.

A PROCLAMATION.

Whereas, The revolution of another year has again brought the time when it is usual to look back upon the past and publicly thank the Almighty for His mercies and His blessings; and,

Whereas, If any one people has more occasion than another for such thankfulness it is the citizens of the United States, whose Government is their creature, subject to their behests; who have reserved to themselves ample civil and religious freedom and equality before the law; who, during the last twelve months, have enjoyed exemption from any grievous or general calamity, and to whom prosperity in agriculture, manufacture and commerce has been vouchsafed:

Therefore, by these considerations, I recommend that on Thursday, the 28th day of November next, the people meet in their respective places of worship and there make their acknowledgments to God for His kindness and bounty.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the city of Washington this 11th day of October, in the year of Our Lord 1872, and of the Independence of the United States the 97th. (Signed) U. S. GRANT.

By the President,
HAMILTON FISH, Secretary of State.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

☞ Messrs. Scribner, Armstrong & Co., have added another volume to their "Illustrated Library of Wonders," the *Wonders of the Moon*, from the French of Amedee Guillemin, with additions by Maria Mitchell, illustrated with forty-three engravings. Their Library of Travel has received an interesting addition in the *Wonders of the Yellow Stone*, edited by James Richardson, and copiously illustrated. Some of the most wonderful scenery in the world is to be found in our far western lands among the Rocky Mountains, and this volume describes one district of it with graphic interest.

☞ The *Young Declaimer*, published by A. S. Barnes & Co., New York, is a fine collection of pieces in poetry, prose and dialogue, for the use of pupils in intermediate schools, prepared by Charles Northend.

☞ *Window Gardening*, by Edward S. Rand, Jr., published by Shepard & Gill, Boston, is a little book full of practical and valuable suggestions on the cultivation of parlor and house plants, which we recommend to every lover of the fascinating pursuit of cultivating flowers in winter.

☞ The *Galaxy* for November offers a brilliant array of articles and writers, among the most notable of whom are J. W. De Forest, Carl Benson, Anthony Trollope, Mrs. Hallowell, S. G. Young, and others. The merit of the *Galaxy* consists in its appreciation of the popular taste, and its high standard of excellence.

☞ *Peterson's Magazine* for November is a beautiful number both pictorially and in a literary point of view, of the lowest priced magazine of fashion and light literature.

☞ *Godey's Lady's Book* for November has a vivid and strongly marked engraving for its frontispiece, the usual brilliant display of fall fashions, and domestic and fancy work patterns without number, all which make it most popular with the ladies.

☞ The *Atlantic Monthly* for November contains The Poet at the Breakfast Table (Part XI.,) by Oliver Wendell Holmes; Nocturne, a Poem, by Harriet Prescott Spofford; A Dinner Party; Oriole, a Poem, by Rose Terry; Jefferson's Return from France in 1789, by James Parton; Guest's Confession (Part II.,) by H. James, Jr.; Mozart, a Poem, by Celia Thaxter; The Primeval Ghost World, by John Fiske; The New Day, a Poem, by Louise Bushnell; A Comedy of Terrors, (Part IX.,) by James DeMille; A Prodigal in Tahiti, by Charles Warren Stoddard; Recent Literature; Art; Music; Science; Politics.

☞ *Our Young Folks* for November contains A Chance for Himself, (Part XI.,) by J. T. Trowbridge; Rubbing the Fire Tongs, by Lucy Larcom; Our Rittle Woman, by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps; The Schoolmistress in Siam, by Mrs. Leonowens; and other interesting Stories, with abundant Pictures, Rebuses, Enigmas, Correspondence, etc.

FIRE AT BANGOR.—The most disastrous conflagration that has happened in Bangor since the great fire of Jan. 1, 1869, took place on the night of the 11th. It commenced in Schwartz's elegant block on West Market Square, which was entirely consumed, as also the store of Fogg & Bridges, and another partially consumed. The buildings were occupied by a large number of business tenants. The losses and insurance were nearly as follows:

Michael Schwartz's block, loss $60,500, insured $25,000; Schwartz's hardware stock, loss $120,000, insured same stock, valued at $25,000, insured $15,000 of a portion saved. N. E. Mann, druggist, stock valued at $22,000 to $25,000, insured $8500; the most valuable part of the stock was saved.—The National Insurance Company loses $3000 on office, furniture and blanks on which there is no insurance; the books and securities of the company are safe. China Tea Company, loss slight, insured. Laura Dearborn, insurance agent, loss $400, no insurance. G. F. Knox & Co., job printers, loss $3000, insured $1500. W. Franklin Seavey, law and patent office, loss not known, no insurance. During the fire the walls of Schwartz's block fell out, killing Wm. H. Brackett and breaking the leg of Dr. Melvin Preble, who were assisting in removing goods from an adjoining store.

SAD DISASTER AT LOUISVILLE.—A terrible accident occurred at Louisville Friday evening, involving the death of six persons. A house being erected on Market street, four stories high, fell about 5 o'clock, crushing in the rear of two houses adjoining, one of them being occupied by J. C. Webber as a printing office, and the other by Henry Notte as a tailoring establishment. The Notte family, consisting of himself, wife, five children and a journeyman named Lewis Johns, were at supper and were buried in the ruins. The accident quickly drew a large crowd in front of the place. The fire a arm was sounded and the police and firemen were promptly on the ground. They soon recovered the bodies of three children boys aged about four, eight and twelve, who were badly bruised and cut, but apparently none of their bones were broken, and the doctors thought they were not dangerously hurt. After several hours of labor the bodies of the remainder of the family were recovered, consisting of Notte, his wife, baby eighteen months old, a little girl six years old and the journeyman. All were dead One boy died afterwards, evidently from internal injuries. No cause is known for the accident, but it is reported that the walls were put up too quick and before they were well set. Much feeling is excited in the city by the affair, and the frequency of similar accidents. Johns leaves a wife and two children.

EXTENSIVE BANK ROBBERY.—The Saratoga County Bank at Waterford, New York, was robbed at an early hour Monday morning of over $200,000 by a gang of nine desperadoes disguised in Ku-Klux uniforms. The robbers secreted themselves in the house of the cashier, D. M. Van Hoevenburgh, early in the evening, and afterward bound and gagged the entire family, excepting the cashier, whom they compelled to open the vaults of the bank. Loss to the bank is about $8500. The special depositors will lose about $300,000 in United States bonds and stocks. The cashier occupied rooms over the bank. A reward of $10,000 is offered for the arrest of the robbers.

THE ATLANTIC AND PACIFIC RAILROAD.—Twenty-one hundred and fifty-three San Francisans have now subscribed an aggregate sum of $1,628,300 towards the capital stock of the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad Company, their road between that city and St. Louis, south of the snow belt. Eight thousand citizens, or one-third of the voters of the city, have petitioned the Board of Supervisors to call an election for the people at the next election on ordinance authorizing a municipal subscription of $10,000,000 towards the same enterprise. The petitions are still circulating, and their numerous signatures are considered conclusive of the success of the ordinance, notwithstanding the Committee of One Hundred suicide in Cincinnati, incited thereto by thirty-eight years to thirty-four nays, the proposition to compromise with the Central Pacific on their agreement to abandon the Coast Island scheme. This accomplished, the majority amid much confusion carried an adjournment sine die to prevent a reconsideration through arrival of absentees. The *Bulletin* says the prospect for the competing road to be aided by the proposed municipal subscription is already invincible in its strength, and that the adverse action of thirty-eight members of the Committee will have no effect against the movement.

☞ Loss of appetite, heartburn, palpitation of the heart, dizziness, sleeplessness, constipation, wind, mental and physical debility and melancholy are caused by a disarr ngement of the digestive organs. To thoroughly master these symptoms, WHITE'S Specialty Dyspepsia, is *the only prompt, effective and safe remedy*. H. WHITE, Proprietor, 107 Washington street, Boston. Price $1 per bottle. tf

HEADACHE.—There are various causes for headache, as derangement of the circulation, depravity of the digestive organs, of the nervous system, &c. VEGETINE can be said to be a sure remedy for the many kinds of headache, as it acts directly upon the various causes of this complaint—Nervousness, Indigestion, Costiveness, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Billiousness, &c. Try the VEGETINE. You will never regret it.

☞ All kinds of Fish and Soups and Meats, by the use of a dessert spoonful of the famous Halford Leicestershire Table Sauce, are made to taste better, and prove more wholesome. To be had of all good grocers.

☞ To cure Asthma Whitcomb's Remedy acts more directly than any known panacea.

☞ Ever since the introduction of Atwood's QUININE TONIC BITTERS they have succeeded many other *tonics*, on account of their *purity* and invigorating properties. As an appetizer they are unsurpassed. All druggists have them.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

WINTER IS COMING.

Ere long the Winter will be here,
As signs now clearly indicate;
The leaves are falling far and near,
And frosts do cooler nights create;
The grains are ripening in the fields,
Soon to be gathered from the soil;
And nature to the farmer yields
Reward for the warm season's toil.
Now BOYS will wish for warmer "CLOTHES,"
Coat, Pants, Vest, Hat and Shoes complete,
Such as they do call at" GRAND PRIZE'S,"
Corner of Beach and Washington Street.
oct19-1t

CARPETS.—*The cheapest lot in the market*—100 rolls of Superfine for $1 a yard. These Carpets are superfine, 2-ply, of bright colors and modern styles, and made of pure wool—no *shoddy*,—the same as are sold everywhere for $1.37 per yard. Will be cut up to suit customers for $1 per yard. The invoice comprises 20 different patterns, in large and small figures. C. H. Crowell's New Carpet Hall, Marble Building, 387 Washington Street, Boston.

ENGLISH TAPESTRIES for $1.00 per yard. This invoice comprises many desirable patterns, slightly imperfect in weaving, not injuring the appearance or durability, worth $1.50, will be sold for $1, at Crowell's new Carpet Hall, Marble Building, 387 Washington Street, Boston.

FLOOR OIL CLOTHS of high enameled finish, in wide sheets and narrow widths, at manufacturers' prices, at Crowell's new Carpet Hall, Marble Building, 387 Washington Street, Boston.

3-PLY AND KIDDERMINSTER CARPETS, double extra heavy qualities, at low prices, at Crowell's new Carpet Hall, 387 Washington Street, Boston.

SOLID OIL CLOTH CARPETS, for two shillings per yard at Crowell's new Carpet Hall, 387 Washington St., Boston.

LOW PRICED INGRAIN CARPETS, from 62 to 75 cents, at Crowell's Carpet Hall, Boston.

SOLID ENGLISH BRUSSELS for $2 per yard, at Crowell's Carpet Hall, Boston. sep28-4t

THE AVERILL CHEMICAL PAINT.

For beauty, durability and economy is superior to any other paint. See card in this paper. aug11-tf

☞ DR. E. D. SPEAR, M. D., The Old Indian Doctor,
Sole Stock Celebrated for His Remarkable Cures.
OFFICE, 713 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON. Dr. SPEAR can be consulted upon ALL Diseases. aug3-52t

TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

All good housekeepers use the Crescent Soap for cleaning house, knives, tin, copper, etc. It will leave a polish on the paint different from any other Soap.
For sale by all grocers. oct28-4t

MARRIAGES.

In this city, Oct. 11, by Rev A. J. Gordon, Mr. Alfred C. Vinton of Winchester to Miss Emma F. Mills of Boston.

In this city, Oct. 10, by Rev. Warren H. Cudworth, Mr. John H. Hoyt to Miss A. Maria Benson, both of Boston.

At the First Congregational Church, by Rev. A. McKenzie, Mr. Cambridge Niles Bodfish to Miss Mary L. King, only daughter of the late Captain Orice King of Lancaster.

In Concord, N. H., Oct. 15 by Rev. D. W. Faunce, Mr. Richard H. Aver to Miss Sadie M. Dunklee, both of C.

In Framingham, Oct. 10, by Rev. L. R. Eastman, Jr., Mr. Cornelius W. Smith to Miss Ida F. Bent, both of Framingham.

In Lancaster, Oct. 10, by Rev. G. M. Bartol, at the residence of the bride's father, Mr. N. G. Palmer of Chicago to Hattie E. Wilder, daughter of C. L. Wilder, Esq.

In Chaplin, Ct., Oct. 10, by Rev. Eustace Williams, assisted by Rev. Wm. Philips and Rev. G. G. Phipps, Rev. W. H. Philpse of East Woodstock, Ct., to Miss Mary E. Williams, daughter of the officiating clergyman.

In Washington, D C., Aug. 17th, Llewellyn Deane, Esq., of Portland Me., to Mrs. L. M. E. Ricks of Hamilton Co., Ohio.

In Chicago, Oct. 9, by the Right Rev. Bishop Foley, Wm. C. Lincoln, of Chicago to Nora M., youngest daughter of Judge George H. Hilton of Cincinnati.

In Cambridge, Oct. 10, by Rev. J. P. Bland, Andrew L. Chamberlain to Miss Susette C. Hovey, daughter of C. M. Hovey, Esq., all of Cambridge.

In Southboro', Oct. 9, at St. Mark's Church, by Rev. Dr. Lowell, Gen. Charles Devens, Jr., to Miss Ellen Forbes, daughter of Hon. John M. Forbes.

In Framingham, Oct. 9, by Rev. Mr. Upham, Joseph G. Bannister to Mrs. Ann A. Herring.

In Cambrid

THE INDIANS IN WASHINGTON.

An interview took place Tuesday at the Interior Department between Gen. Walker, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, and a large party of Indians, representing the Kiowa, Comanche, Apache and other wild tribes, who are now on a visit to the capital. As usual the address of welcome was at first given, to which the several chiefs responded with professions of friendship and satisfaction with their visit. The Commissioner then addressed the whole delegation, numbering over forty. They were warned of a time soon coming when game would become scarce to furnish them subsistence, and urged them to prepare themselves, their young men and their children, for the change, by imitating the whites as fast as possible in making homes, cultivating the soil, raising stock, and sending their children to school, and adopt the Christian religion. They were assured of the willingness of the President, his great council and the whole people to aid in starting upon the white man's road all those Indians who shall evince a disposition to obey the orders given them and strive to do well. The Commissioner then told them plainly that the Government had determined to put a stop once for all to the murders and stealing which of late have become so common, and that the Indians inclined to be unfriendly and insubordinate would be dealt with summarily.—Finally, the Indians were informed that besides this general address the business with each would be taken up in detail separately, day after day, until completed. The main body of the delegates then returned to the Washington House, where they have accommodations, the Arrapahoes remaining. The business of this tribe, was mainly in reference to a change of reservation.

Postponement of the Gilmore Ball for one Week.—The preparations for the complimentary concert and ball to be given to Mr. P. S. Gilmore have so far progressed that the Coliseum was on Tuesday night ready for the floral decorators to commence operations. All the seats have been removed from the spacious floor of the auditorium, and the space made ready for the dancers. The building was lighted up for the first time since the Chorus Ball, and the Marshals and Floor Managers held a meeting, at which the propriety of postponing the ball for one week in order to give the carpenters an opportunity to complete their repairs of the roof, which has leaked badly of late, was discussed.

Col. Hutchins presided, and after due deliberation it was voted unanimously to postpone the testimonial until the night of Wednesday, the 23d inst., when, as at first proposed, a combined concert and ball will be given. For the former, twenty-five musical associations have tendered their services, and will form a chorus of about five thousand voices. The orchestra will be largely composed of some of the best musicians in the country. The concert will commence at half-past seven, and the dancing at nine o'clock. The tickets which have been sold for the ball will admit to both ball and concert.

A PRIMA DONNA WITH THE INDIANS.—Madame Pauline Lucca, the celebrated prima donna, accompanied by her mother and several friends, has paid a visit to the Indians, and was introduced to thirty-three of the warriors. When the introductions to the officials accompanying the chiefs were over, the braves filed quietly into the reception room, and one by one looked at the animated face of the beautiful queen of song, said "How," and shook hands with her. After which they performed the same ceremony with Lucca's mamma. Medicine Bear was the first chief introduced, and he seemed quite pleased when the Diva bowed to him in return. Lucca declared that the Indians were "char ming!" After every one of them, including Afraid of the Bear, had saluted her, they seated themselves or squatted about the reception room, and then looked at her as much as to say, "Now, what are you going to do about it?" They must have been pleased, for two of the biggest warriors made her offerings of grizzly bear claws, which they presented with much gravity, and for which Mme. Lucca thanked them so sweetly that even they—reds as they were—smiled and how'd quite warmly.

R. W. EMERSON'S HOUSE.—Mr. Edward Waldo Emerson, who is now in England, has written to the *Pall Mall Gazette* saying that subscriptions would not be needed for rebuilding the house of his father, Ralph Waldo Emerson, from his friends in England, and regretting that such an announcement had been made. A number of the near friends of Mr. Emerson insisted on taking the cost of its restoration upon themselves, immediately after the fire.

☞ The Treasurer of a Wallingford, Conn., manufacturing company brings packages of money to the firm from New York, and frequently goes through on the express without stopping. He did this on Friday, and threw out to his colleague, who was waiting at the station, a package containing $6,000. The package miscarried and was ripped open by the moving cars, and at last accounts $600 was missing. The Treasurer is of the opinion that it would have been more economical to have gone up on the "accommodation" train.

BUSINESS AND BUILDING IN CHICAGO. The recuperative power that the people of Chicago have shown in the past year has reflected great credit upon them. The total cost of the buildings that have been erected in the burnt district is $15,458,200, which comprises the building of thirteen new hotels, though more are in course of construction, and four elevators, with almost another completed. Six elevators only were burned in the great conflagration, containing 1,950,795 bushels of wheat. The storage room in the Chicago elevators in the early fall of 1871, was 11,37[illegible]9 bushels, and this has been increased in the twelvemonth past by fully 1,000,000 bushels. In dry goods, the houses number about the same, but business has increased over 20 per cent. Real estate has increased in gross valuation over 15 per cent. and the grain trade over 11 per cent. The receipts of corn are 16,000,000 bushels in excess of any year before the fire, while oats have come in larger quantities than during any year of the eight preceding 1871. In boots and shoes, eleven leading firms report sales of $10,000,000 during the year and an average income of 25 per cent., which is about the average percentage in the entire trade there. The larger portion of the city's banks resumed soon after the fire, and in the immediate use for money which followed, and the rapid transfers that have been made, no difficulty has been found in meeting all demands. The amount of insurance paid has been $37,998,986, and $53,-389,964 remains due. Of the unpaid insurance, the State Auditor estimates that $15,000,000 may be reckoned good.

"POOR CARLOTTA."—A correspondent of the *Liege Gazette* sends to that paper from Brussels a description of the condition and manner of life of the Empress Charlotte in the chateau of Tervueren. Her physical state is represented as being as good as it ever was, and much better than two years ago; but there is no change for the better in her intellectual condition. She has degenerated to a sort of unconscious childishness, but without the least tendency to violence. Of course she lives in a very retired style; it may be almost said she is alone in two rooms of the chateau, where she herself attends to all the cares of her small menage. Her doctor is the only person to whom she seems attached, and who exercises a decisive influence over her. She receives him every morning for half an hour, and appears quieted after these interviews. The remarkable other individuals of all ranks who compose her household are far from enjoying such favor; the Empress accepts their attentions with repugnance, and frequently repels them altogether. She dines always alone; she lights her own fire, and does many other things usually left to attendants. She spends the greater portion of the day inditing telegraphic despatches to Napoleon III., who she still supposes to at the Tuileries, and in conversing with spirits which haunt (she says) the upper stories of the castle, and of which she alone, as she boasts, understands the language. She is fond also of spreading out rich toilettes on the chairs, and practises before them the ceremonial of court receptions. In her own dress robes and chapeaux represent the ladies of France and Mexico. She flatters one, and speaks harshly to another, and thus spends portions of her time. Strange to tell, she seems to have lost all affection for her kinsfolk, even for her brother, and will not receive the Queen, much less the King, or the Count de Flandre. The fear of being poisoned has gone, for the Empress eats with excellent appetite of all that is brought to a neighboring room, where she goes to help herself. All hope of her cure has disappeared, which is the more sad as her excellent physical health promises a long life.

FOREIGN TELEGRAMS.

THE SPANISH SOLDIERS IN CUBA—WARM DEBATE IN THE SENATE.

Madrid, Oct. 10. In the Senate, to-day, Senor Diaz made a severe attack on the volunteers in Cuba for their insubordination and ferocity. The Minister of Colonies defended and praised the Volunteers. He declared that their services in maintaining order in Havana and other towns had been invaluable. They had, also, by performing garrison duty in the seaports, freed large bodies to operate in the interior, and thereby materially assisted in lessening the expenses of war. The Abolition Society of Madrid sent a petition to the Senate, praying for the manumission of slaves in Cuba and Porto Rico. The Minister of State has promised an investigation into the charge that the Spanish soldiers in Cuba had attacked foreigners, but declares his belief that the soldiers only did their duty.

THE GENEVA AWARD DENOUNCED BY A MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT.

London, Oct. 10.—Mr. Bentinck, M. P., in a public speech, last night, pronounced the settlement of the Alabama question a dishonor to England. It was absurd that a rule should be made, and held now to bind England to the responsibility of an act she long before committed.

JUSTICE TO FRANCE.

Paris, Oct. 10.—President Thiers, in the course of his remarks before the Permanent Commission of the Assembly yesterday, used the following words: "Europe has rendered us justice at Berlin. Our army is recovering and our credit is excellent." These assurances were received with cheers by the members of the Commission.

CRUISE AROUND THE WORLD.

Berlin, Oct. 11.—A fleet of five German men-of-war is now fitting out for the cruise around the world. The expedition will be under command of Admiral Werner and be gone eighteen months. The fleet sails directly for the West Indies, and thence will proceed to New Orleans and other ports in the United States.

PRINCE NAPOLEON FORCIBLY EXPELLED FROM THE FRENCH CAPITAL.

Paris, Oct. 12.—The announcement last night that Prince Napoleon left Paris, in obedience to an order from the government, was premature. His notice to depart directed him to leave at noon to-day, but not having complied therewith, at half-past 12 o'clock he was waited upon by the Secretary of the Prefect of Police and two agents of the government, with orders for him to follow them toward Switzerland. The Prince thereupon left the city. The Princess Clothilde voluntarily accompanied him.

A NEW POSTAL TREATY.

United States Minister Washburne and Count de Remusat have agreed upon a draft of a postal treaty between the governments of the Republics of North America and France which the post office authorities of both countries will accept, and which, it is believed, the French Minister of Finance will approve. It is highly probable that the new international treaty instructions will receive a regular executive ratification in Washington and Paris before the close of the present year. The new treaty fixes the rate of postage at eight cents for a third of an ounce, and provides for the transmission of registered letters, patterns and newspapers at a charge of three cents in each instance where the full fee for transmission was formerly eight cents. The settlement of the terms of the treaty is delayed in consequence of complications arising from the exigencies of French finances.

INSURRECTION AMONG THE SPANISH TROOPS.

Madrid, Oct. 12.—Soon after the Cortes convened in session, to-day, the Minister for the Colonies announced that the government had received intelligence that a Republican mutiny had occurred at Ferrol. He said 1300 men belonging to the garrison of the arsenal at that town, together with a portion of the naval coast guard and some of the populace, had joined in the movement. The leaders of the revolt are Montijo and Rajas. The Minister further stated that the troops in the fortress at Ferrol refused to join the insurrectionists, and are holding out against them, awaiting the arrival of reinforcements despatched to the town by the government. The combined force, it is believed, will be amply sufficient to suppress the revolt.

Madrid, Oct. 13.—An official despatch from Ferrol reports that the insurgents still hold out, although badly disorganized and poorly provided with ammunition. The red Republican flag is flying from the masts of vessels and over the palaces seized by the revolutionists. Troops will combine with the garrison in an attack on the rebels without delay. The *Gaceta* says that the insurgents had seized the steamer Cadiz, a tug boat and several barks. The citizens seem to look upon the movement with indifference, taking no part for or against it. The Military Governor, commander of the post and all the officers are faithful to the government, and with the troops of the garrison occupy strategic points.

THOUSANDS OF ALSATIANS LEAVING FOR THE UNITED STATES.

London, Oct. 14.—Thousands of exiles from Alsace and Lorraine have arrived in Belfast, Ireland, on their way to America. The streets of that city were crowded with these people yesterday, and all were in a most wretched and indigent condition. Their passages to the United States are being provided for by subscriptions in Paris, London, Liverpool and other cities. Many deplorable scenes were witnessed yesterday, but everything possible is being done by the citizens for the amelioration of the exiles. Many young children accompany the emigrants, and must be sacrificed to hunger and privation before their condition is bettered. A commission is expected to arrive there from Paris to-day to provide means to convey the exiles to a port of embarkation, unless they sail from that port direct, which is not considered possible. Much sympathy for the sufferers is expressed by all classes, and assisting in testing their wants as favorable a sorrowful condition as comfortable as possible.

RAVAGES OF THE CHOLERA IN POLAND.

London, Oct. 13.—Information received by telegraph from Warsaw, the capital of Poland, states the cholera as raging in various parts of the country to an alarming extent. In the town of Grejew its ravages have been terrible, and the place is almost entirely depopulated. Thousands throughout the province have fallen a prey to the disease, which has appeared in a most malignant and fatal form. The town of Augustowo has also been the scene of great mortality, large numbers of deaths from the disease occurring daily. The people are flying from the country.

THE REVOLT AT FERROL.

Madrid, Oct. 14.—A dispatch from Ferrol, received at Madrid late last night, says that the insurrectionists made two attacks on the frigate Astoria yesterday, but in both instances were repulsed by the crew. Three government vessels are blockading the entrance to the harbor of Ferrol, and it is impossible for any of the vessels captured by the rebels to get out. Anarchy prevails in the insurgent band. Marshal Brogna, captain-general of the province of Coruna, has arrived at Ferrol with a force of Government troops. Rebels continue concentrating at the arsenal. Fifteen hundred insurrectionists who left Ferrol for Julvis were intercepted by the force under Bregna, and retreated to town.

BISMARK'S HEALTH.

Berlin, Oct. 14.—The North German Gazette gives an authoritative denial to the current report that Prince Bismark's health is so bad that his leave of absence has been extended three months. The Gazette states that the physicians of the prince do not regard his illness as at all serious, or likely to render the prolongation of his residence abroad beyond the appointed time necessary.

EXCITEMENT IN PARIS.

London, Oct. 15.—A special from Paris to the Telegraph says that President Thiers yesterday said he had received information, through an anonymous letter, that the released Communists, now in Paris, had in their possession 2000 bombs, similar to those used by Orsini and his fellow-conspirators when they attempted to assassinate Napoleon. Troops were placed in suspected quarters, and the Imperialists closely watched.

THE FERROL REVOLT—THE PLACE RECAPTURED.

Madrid, Oct. 15.—The Captain General of Galicia enters Ferrol, Sunday night, with government troops, and now holds the town, awaiting the arrival of reinforcements from Santander and Gigon, and with the increased force expects to crush the insurrection without the shedding of blood.

A CURIOUS CASE.—A man named Moore was arrested at Springfield Saturday for making an unprovoked assault upon two boys. For his wild manner at the time the assault was committed, and the expressions he used at the time, he was thought to be insane, and the police were scouring the woods all day Saturday in search of him. When arrested he was engaged in selling liniment to a crowd at a street corner. On his examination he told a hundred wild and conflicting stories of himself; gave his name as George Edward Moore of Boston Highlands. His hair was ragged and uneven, and it was found he had been burning it off with matches. Physicians who examined him on Monday decided that he was not insane.

New Advertisements.

FOR SALE OR TO EXCHANGE,

FOR A

FIRST CLASS FARM!

(Worcester County preferred.)

A BEAUTIFUL ESTATE,

ELEVEN MILES OUT.

A new two story house and two story L, slated roof, 12 rooms, (7 chambers,) rooms very high studded, and conveniently arranged; piazza with balustrade in front; bay windows in both stories, also bay window on South side; extra closet room, parlor finished in butternut; black walnut hair rail and baluster; new Magee Furnace No. 8, water in kitchen; new stable, clapboarded and painted, with cellar. 5 acres prime land, some fruit. The buildings stand on elevated ground affording a fine view of the country for miles around; one of the most desirable locations in the vicinity of Boston; a neighborhood excellent; 7 minutes walk from Needham Depot, Churches, Stores, and first-class Schools, in the different grades.

Needham is a thriving and remarkably healthy town; 10 trains daily each way between Boston and Needham (Albany Station.) Price $12,000; easy terms.

JAMES GRAY,

25 Tremont Row, Boston.

oct19-3t

Situation as Teamster.

ANY one within 25 miles of Boston wanting a perfectly temperate and reliable man to drive a team, (horses or oxen,) please call on or address

J. ROSS,

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Wanted.

MARRIED MAN on a Stock Farm; Wife to take charge of Dairy.

Address, stating terms and references, to

oct19-1f Box No. 971, Boston.

For Sale.

A PURE JERSEY BULL, 4 years old, imported by Davenport of Dedham. Took premium at Fair this season. Address W. H. BRADFORD,

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New Advertisements

CARPETS AT RETAIL, AT A SACRIFICE!

OUR ENTIRE CUT STOCK OF OVER

$100,000

IN VALUE,

Comprising a Varied Assortment of

Rich and Elegant

CARPETS,

Is thrown upon the market at a great sacrifice, to close out the same, as our entire room is imperatively needed for our wholesale business.

BRUSSELS, TAPESTRIES, 3-PLYS, INGRAINS, OIL-CLOTHS, And all Goods,

Usually found in a first-class warehouse, including every article in our cut stock.

Solid English Brussels, from $1,75 up.

English Tapestries, from 95 cents up.

Two-ply Ingrains 50 cents to $1.

Three-plys at very low prices.

A variety of Carpets, of bright colors and durable texture, resembling three-plys, for 50 cents per yard.

Solid Floor Oil Cloths for 2 Shillings per yard.

Over 1000 remnants, of high grades, from 1 to 20 yards each, at less than cost of production.

Over 1000 Crumb Cloths with border, at about half price.

Over 2000 Rugs and Mats, of high grade, cheap.

Sheet Oil Cloths, to cover floors in one entire piece; all cut stock, at a sacrifice.

Upwards of 100 different patterns of Stair Carpets, for 25 cents to the highest grades,—all under price; Mattings all sorts.

Church and Office Carpets, Dundee and Hemp Carpets, from 25 cents up.

Particular attention is called to our

FINE AND HIGH GRADE GOODS,

Which are among the really Cheapest Stock we offer in this sale

This presents the best opportunity to purchase

CARPETS,

AT A LOW PRICE,

That has been offered for years.

Customers calling early in the day, before the rush commences, will have the best chance of selection.

NEW ENGLAND CARPET CO.,

NEW WAREHOUSE,

76, 78, 80 and 82 Friend Street,

Second building from Hanover St., Boston.

oct19-2t

Time Tests the Merits of all Things.

1840 Over Thirty Years 1872

PERRY DAVIS' PAIN-KILLER

HAS been tested in every variety of climate, and by almost every nation known to Americans. It is the constant companion and inestimable friend of the missionary and traveller on sea or land, and no one should travel on our *Lakes or Rivers without it.*

Since the PAIN-KILLER was first introduced, and met with such unparalleled success, many *Liniments, Sculpts, Pastes,* and other *Remedies* have been offered to the public, but not one of them has ever attained the truly enviable *standing* of the PAIN-KILLER.

WHY IS THIS SO?

It is because DAVIS' PAIN-KILLER is what it claims to be a Reliever of Pain.

Its Merits are Unsurpassed.

If you are suffering from INTERNAL PAIN, Travel about, or are Sick at home, you will find it the best remedy to cure you. There is nothing to equal it for

Colic, Cramps, Spasms, Heartburn, Diarrhea, Dysentery, Flux, Wind in the Bowels, Sour Stomach, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache.

In sections of the country where

Fever and Ague

prevails, there is no remedy held in greater esteem. Persons travelling about that region should keep it by them. A few drops in water, will prevent sickness or bowel troubles from change of water.

From foreign countries the calls for PAIN-KILLER are great. It is found to

Cure Cholera when all other Remedies fail.

WHEN USED EXTERNALLY AS A LINIMENT, nothing gives quicker ease in *Burns, Cuts, Bruises, Sprains, Stings from Insects and Scalds.* It removes the fire and the wound heals like ordinary sores. Those suffering with Rheumatism, Gout or Neuralgia, if not a positive cure, they find the PAIN-KILLER gives them relief when no other remedy will.

It gives Instant Relief from Aching Teeth.

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Do not trifle with yourselves by testing untried remedies. Be sure you call for and get the genuine PAIN-KILLER, as many worthless nostrums are attempted to be sold on the great reputation of this valuable medicine.

☞ Directions accompany each bottle.

PRICE 25 CTS., 50 CTS., AND $1 PER BOTTLE.

oct5-4t

Automatic Stock Pump.

ANIMALS CAN PUMP THE WATER THEY DRINK.

Send for a circular. Address,

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For Sale.

ONE PURE JERSEY BULL, two years old, large and docile. Pedigree given. Inquire of

SAM'L N. WOOD, Lowell, Mass.,

Or at his Farm, West Billerica.

Lowell, Oct 9th, 1872. oct19-4t

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TRY IT, and you 'would not be without it in your house for ten times its cost.

Price 75 cts and $1.50 per bottle.

For sale by all Druggists. 13t-oct19

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$75 to $250 per month, every where, male and female, to introduce the GENUINE IMPROVED COMMON SENSE FAMILY SEWING MACHINE. This Machine will stitch, hem, fell, tuck, quilt, cord, bind, braid and embroider in a most superior manner. Price only $15. Fully licensed and warranted for five years. We will pay $1,000 for any machine that will sew a stronger, more beautiful, or more elastic seam than ours. It makes the "Elastic Lock Stitch." Every second stitch can be cut, and still the cloth cannot be pulled apart without tearing it. We pay Agents from $75 to $250 per month, and expenses, or a commission, from which twice that amount can be made. Address SECOMB & CO., *Boston, Mass.; Pittsburgh, Pa., Chicago, Ill., or St. Louis, Mo.*

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THE EUREKA MACHINE TWIST,

50 and 100 Yard Spools, and 1 oz., Spools for *manufacturing purposes,*

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10 Yard Spools, are the *best,* and *cheapest* silk in the *market.* For sale by all retailers and at wholesale by the manufacturers,

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CLOTHING can be made to look as well at new. J. and D. Harrell are prepared to Cleanse and Repair all kinds of Gentlemen's Garments and will remove spots (such as Tar, Pitch, Paint, &c., &c., also Ladies Cloaks and Sacks cleansed. Prices, over coats $1.50; under coats $1.25; pants 75 cents; vest 50 cents; ladies cloaks $1.50; ladies sacks $1.25.

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APPLE AND GRAPE GRINDERS,

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RETAIL MILK ROUTE FOR SALE,

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On B. & A. R. R.—145 acres, will keep 35 cows through the year; will produce $4-60 worth of milk annually and a large amount of other produce; a part of the land is well adapted for tobacco; as a milk farm it cannot be excelled in the State; large house, 15 rooms, bay windows; very pleasantly situated with beautiful tree in front; very near churches, schools, depot, etc.; this is a rare chance to secure property that is advancing in price yearly. Brookfield is one of the most beautiful and thriving villages in the State, with good public buildings, public library, high school, etc.; the owner having inducements to change his business will sell low, on easy terms. Apply to H. L. KING, on the premises, or to A. H. KING, O. C. & N. R. R. Freight House, Boston. oct12-3t*

Real Estate at Auction.

The Subscriber will offer his Farm at auction, on **Tuesday, the 22d inst., at One o'clock, P. M.** Said Farm contains one hundred acres of land in a good state of cultivation. On it is 12 to 15 acres of heavy wood and timber, is near Saw Mills and Chair Factory. Also, a young orchard that produces first quality apples. The buildings consist of a good two story house and Le Barn, 36x52, cellar under whole. Is well watered and fenced.

At the same time and place, the Personal Property.

EPH. H. CHANDLER.

Princeton, Oct. 7, 1872. oct12-2t*

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The Subscriber offers for sale his Farm pleasantly situated in the southern part of LEOMINSTER, MASS.,

2 miles from the centre village, known as the Old Merriam Farm containing 95 acres of land suitably divided into mowing, tillage, orcharding, pasture and woodland, and considered to be one of the best farms in town. There is also a fine pear and peach orchard on the place in bearing condition. The house is a large modern two story, painted and blinded and in thorough repair; large barn with cellar under whole with carriage and tool house attached, all in excellent repair. Said Farm is well watered, and will keep 10 cows, yoke oxen, and horse. Good water at the house and barn. Land can all be mowed with a machine. Milk sold at the door. For further particulars inquire of J. Franklin Fuller, No. 23 Court St., Boston, Mass., or of the subscriber on the premises.

sep7-tf WILLIAM H. FULLER.

For Sale or To Let.

The Farm in North Tewksbury, recently occupied by the late Horatio C. Meriam, containing 85 acres, comprising woodland, pasturage, mowing and tillage, and about 5 acres of valuable peat bog. Said Farm is about two miles from Lowell and 6 from Lawrence, and is favorably situated for a Market Garden or Milk Farm. It is a very beautiful location, commanding an extensive prospect for miles. Air and water pure and salubrious, fine shade and fruit trees. Railroad within two miles. Church within half a mile and good country schools.

For further particulars and for terms, apply to Mrs. E. L. MERIAM, on the premises, or address her at Lowell Post Office.

North Tewksbury, Sept 30, 1872. oct5-3t

For Sale.

Three lots of Land, viz: Mr HOME FARM, situated in the centre of Princeton, Worcester Co., Mass., two miles from Depot, near two large summer resorts, containing 141 acres, 90 acres pasture rig and wood, 50 mowing, all cut with a machine, 75 Pear trees, 200 nice Apple trees, good buildings, running water in house and barn.

2d. Wachusett Mountain, in Princeton, containing 600 acres, 400 covered with wood and timber.

3d. Farm, 100 acres, 75 pasturing, 25 mowing, all cut with a machine, and sold with the Farm, if desired.

jy20-tf JOHN BROOKS, Princeton, Mass.

For Sale or Exchange,

Farm in Chester, N. H., 76 acres good land, plenty Fruit and Wood, ten acres suitable for Cranberries; House 30x18 feet, 2 stories, Barn 32x40, with cellar; Shed 16x44 connects house with barn; wood, wood, 25 tons hay in barn, tools and Tools for place within ten miles of house.

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sep21-tf Chester, N. H.

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ONE of the best Farms in Old Concord, Mass, containing 100 acres. One mile from depot, on the Fitchburg Railroad, near churches, schools, etc., one hour's ride from Boston. Two houses with large elm and evergreen trees in front; good Barn and Tool House. One-half acre best Concord Grapes, large Asparagus bed, 200 choice Pear and Apple Trees, etc. For further particulars, inquire of Samuel Hosmer, Old Concord, or of the Subscriber at No. 25 North Market Street, Boston.

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MORRILL & WINSLOW,

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Deposits in this Bank are put on interest on the first day of every month.

Interest is paid in semi-annual dividends of the net profits of the Bank. These dividends have never been less than six per cent per annum, and most of them have been at the rate of seven per cent. per annum.

The dividends are added at once to the deposit account, making compound interest.

☞ One Dollar will begin an account. oct12-4t

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BANKER AND BROKER,

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Illinois Registered Bonds, paying 10 per cent. interest.

Indianapolis, Bloomington and Western R. R. 7s, 1st Mortgage at 90.

BONDS AND STOCKS bought and sold on commission. Special attention to orders and inquiries from out of town. oct12-13t

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BY the Carload or Ton. Parties wishing to purchase will send in their orders before November 1st.

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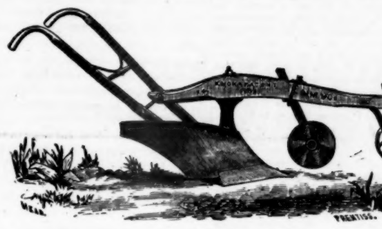

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**ATTENTION!

The Poet's Corner.

AUTUMN IS QUEEN.

Spell-bound we stand in fairy land,
Like some enchanted story;
While all we love, below—above,
Is bathed in autumn's glory.
With yearning eyes we watch the skies,
Half waking and half dreaming;
Yet anow the while, that earth's bright smile
Is transient in its gleaming.

Too fair to last 'twill soon be past,
These golden hours are fleeting;
The cruel gale with bitter wail
Will sound for their retreating.
But while they stay rejoice they may
Without a thought of sadness;
While vale and hill, sere e and still,
Maintain their regal gladness.

The faded flowers in summer's bowers
Are half forgotten pleasures;
Within our reach are pear and peach,
Kind Nature's luscious treasures.
What can outshine the purpling vine
Whose globes are full to bursting?
No nectar e'er could seem so fair
To lips all parched and thirsting.

Then let us bring the buds of spring,
And summer's fairest roses,
And lay them down a fitting crown
Where Autumn now reposes.
Dearest is she of all the three
Renowned in song and story;
Autumn is Queen in gorgeous sheen,
And peerless in her glory!

—*Rural Home.*

Ladies' Department.

LOVE IN A SNOWSTORM.

"I know I am pretty," said Clare Wintringham to herself, gazing composedly into her mirror, "but I do not think I am sufficiently beautiful to send all the young men of my acquaintance into ecstasies over me."

It is not always very easy for a girl to judge of her own looks; but Clare tried to be as impartial as possible on this special occasion. And what was it that she saw reflected in the glass before which she stood, critically surveying the creature whom the world called Clare Wintringham?

A tall, supple figure, with sloping shoulders and a daintily tapered waist; a skin as soft as satin, and tinted like an oleander blossom; deep blue eyes, just shaded into violet at the iris; and a little fresh mouth, where the teeth shone at every smile like pearls through a crimson shell.

"Yes," said Clare nodding her head so that certain spirals of golden brown hair which always hung over her forehead danced coquettishly up and down, "I am pretty — Then that five hundred pounds a year that Uncle Bruce's will secured to me isn't altogether a disagreeable pill for some of my lovers to swallow. I don't think I was made for an heiress. I like to make and mend, to patch and contrive, and I've always had an idea that I would make a splendid poor man's wife. I mean, of course, a splendid wife for a poor man."

She took from her belt a withered red rose and a bunch of violets as she spoke, and added her pretty eyebrows over them in a puzzled fashion.

"Harvey Gellette gave me the rose," she soliloquized. "He's very handsome, is Harvey, and I always did have a weakness for handsome people; and he's a rising young man in his profession, people say. I like talented people too. I'll keep the rose just a little while." And she laid it away in a certain satin-lined box where she was wont to treasure souvenirs of these her girlish days. And Frank Hood's violets—poor Frank Hood! He's so silent and so awkward, and yet there's a something about him that won't let one despise him. He certainly is not handsome, though he has fine eyes, and a face like one of those old marble creations one sees in the School of Design. Well, I won't throw away the violets either, not just yet."

Clare took the jewelled hair pins out of her shining tresses, and laid aside the white tarlatan dress and wreathes of blue blossoms, and went composedly to bed.

For why should she lie awake and lose the fresh roses of her complexion and dim the sparkle of those glorious violet eyes, thinking about the respective claims of the various lovers who hovered, moth-like, about the torchlight of her charms? There was time enough to make up her mind—plenty of time and life was so full of bloom and freshness for her, Clare knew that the autumn must come sooner or later, but she meant to have a good time first. Sensible Clare!

So, in the very middle of the season, when balls, operas, masquerades, and *dejeunes sanlaves* were at their height, and when old Aunt Dalmayne wrote a piteous letter up to her brother in town, setting forth that "she had the rheumatiz dreadful bad, and couldn't want any help to be had and she was that lonesome that she couldn't stand it no longer, and wouldn't one of her three nieces come down and stay with her for a short time?" Clare astonished the family circle by volunteering to go.

"My dear," said Mrs. Wintringham, "you don't know what you are undertaking. It is a common farmhouse.

"And Alantha Ann is full of whims," said Papa Wintringham, rubbing his nose. "But I suppose she is poor and lonely."

"Well, but," said Clare, "Miriam is busy with her music lessons and her German class, and Laura belongs to those sociables; I seem to be the only one disengaged. Besides I'm getting tired of balls and dinners and twelve o'clock suppers. I should like to try the other extreme, just for fun."

"You'll find it anything but fun," said Mrs. Wintringham, putting her gold-stoppered cassolette to her aristocratic nose.

"Well, at any rate I mean to try," said Clare, valiantly. "So, papa, you may write to Aunt Dalmayne that I am coming."

The scene looked indescribably beautiful to Clare Wintringham, that frosty December night, as the jolting old chaise, with a sleepy old horse trotting in front, turned into the valley road, and she could see the ancient farmhouse, steep-roofed, and brown with a half century of suns and rains, with the elm boughs wrestling overhead in the gale, and the wooded hills rising up on every side, while one ruddy beam of light glowed from the tiny windows under the eves, casting, as it might be, a javelin of brightness athwart the road in front of the door.

"I think she's expected," said you," said the rough charioteer who had been sent to the station to meet Mrs. Dalmayne's niece, "but I'm afeared you'll find it very lonesome."

"Oh," cried Clare, gleefully, as she sprang out of the vehicle, "I think it's splendid!"

She entered the low-roofed kitchen, all aglow with the roaring of logs on the hearth, and further illuminated by two tallow candles in bright-brass candlesticks. Aunt Dalmayne had evidently bestirred herself, for the table was spread with hot biscuits, baked apples, custards and preserves, and the old lady herself hobbled forward on a crutch to welcome her neice.

"Why, my dear," cried Aunt Dalmayne, stepping back to take a second survey, "you're as pretty as a picter!"

"Am I?" said Clare, coloring and laughing. "But, aunty, what a glorious fire you've got, and what a darling old urn, and how nice that tea does smell!"

"Sit down and have a cup, my dear," said Aunt Dalmayne highly flattered.

Before Clare Wintringham slept that night she had taken Mrs. Dalmayne's heart fairly by storm.

She had been an inmate of the old-fashioned farmhouse for about a week when one of those grand snow-storms came on which veil the whole country side in spotless white, and hang the woods in royal robes of ermine. Aunt Dalmayne's rheumatism grew worse, and she kept her room; but Clare went about as light-hearted as ever, doing the whole work of the house, with such assistance as Moses, the handy man, was able to render her.

The snow had fallen all day, blown into drifts by the wind that howled lugubriously through the clefts of the hills, and at last twilight deepened over the stormy earth. Clare was sitting thoughtfully before the firelight peeling apples for a pudding which was dear to Aunt Dalmayne's invalid soul, when Moses came in.

"Miss Clare," said he, "there's two gentlemen got storm-bound outside; they've missed the way, their horses are clean tired out, and they wanted to know if we'd give 'em a night's shelter. I told 'em Mrs. Dalmayne was ill, and I wasn't master, but I'd ask the young woman—Miss Clare."

Clare winced a little, then laughed outright at Moses unpolished language.

"Of course they may come in," she said. "I wouldn't turn even a dog from the door on such a night as this!"

She threw a fresh log on the fire, and lighted the candle as she spoke.

But what was her amazement, on turning to welcome the strangers, to behold in them no strangers, at all, but Mr. Harvey Gellette and his friend Hood!

Powdered liberally with snow, their noses reddened by the wind, their features reddened unnaturally rigid by cold, they stood blankly regarding her, but Clare came forward with the grace of a young duchess.

"Good evening, gentlemen. Pray come a little nearer the fire. I hardly supposed that in the storm-bound strangers who sought shelter here, I was to welcome old acquaintances."

"Oh, Miss Wintringham—exceedingly glad to see you, I'm sure!" stammered Mr. Gellette, awkwardly allowing his frog-like hand to touch her own. "But what can you possibly be doing in such a place as this?"

"Didn't Moses tell you!" she asked, demurely. "I'm doing the house work here."

"Miss—Wintringham!"

"Well, why not?"

Mr. Gellette had no reply ready; he only rubbed his hands, smiled feebly, and advanced towards the red blaze; while Mr. Hood was exchanging in turn his greeting with the former heiress.

"It is a surprise, Miss Wintringham to see you here," he said, frankly, "but a very agreeable one."

Clare wondered in her heart what new mood of gallantry had taken away Frank Hood's awkwardness.

"It is as good as a tableau," she thought, gleefully, when Hood had explained to her that unexpected business had taken them across the country in the dead of winter, thus bringing about so entirely an unanticipated a meeting, and she went into the outer kitchen to get cream for the table. As she stood there skimming off the gold accumulation which followed her spoon in thick foods, she heard Gellette's voice speaking:

"Of course the father has failed and they've lost everything. A great pity; for with that face she might have married well."

"What is to prevent her marrying well now?" Frank Hood's slow, deliberate tones answered.

"My dear fellow, we must all look out for the main chance. In fact, I was once a little smitten myself, but of course it's quite out of the question now."

Mr. Hood did not reply; and Clare, as she stood there, with burning cheeks, was glad that he did not.

But when she came back to preside at the tea table she was as composed as ever, save that her color was a trifle deeper than usual.

The storm continued in unabated violence for two days, during which time Mr. Gellette yawned over the week old newspaper, smoked his cigar beside the fire, and systematically ignored Miss Wintringham's presence.

"A fellow mustn't let himself get entangled," was his mental reflection.

Frank Hood, however, reasoned otherwise. He haunted Clare's footsteps with lover-like persistency; he helped her clean the windows, wiped the dishes, even essayed to sweep the floors, thereby creating great confusion. And Clare, though she declared he was more of a hindrance than a help, seemed to like it.

On the third day the weather cleared gloriously, and Moses brought round the strangers' horses.

"Come, Hood!" said Gellette, impatiently; "are you going to stand there all day, making adieus?"

"Be off as quick as you like," said Hood, calmly. "I am not going."

"Not going! But business—"

"Hang business;" was the unaccountable reply. "What do I care for business? Miss Wintringham has promised to be my wife, and my business is here just at present!"

Mr. Gellette muttered a few incoherent congratulations, and rode away, ejaculating under his breath:

"I never saw such a fool in all my life."

When Harvey Gellette was gone, Clare told her lover the truth, and the whole truth. At first Frank was half inclined to be vexed.

"I didn't want an heiress!" said he, biting his lips.

"But you want me, Frank, don't you?" said Clare, with the prettiest coaxing way in the world.

"Of course I do!" said Frank. "But, darling, I had such a bright little dream of love in a cottage!"

"And it shall all come true," said Clare, "in spite of the five hundred a year."

The young lovers travelled back *tete-a-tete* to London, as soon as Moses Peckham's sister could be induced to come and take Clare's place in Aunt Dalmayne's household. What Harvey Gellette's feelings were when he learned the true state of the case we leave the imaginative readers to conjecture, for the art of tacticians may outgeneral himself at times.

SOME REFLECTIONS ON MARRIAGE

FROM A LADY'S SCRAP BOOK.

It is an experience of all time, and no doubt of all peoples, that men and women are made for each other, to be husband and wife, and are very often happy together when they can never be separated in their souls any more. A young man goes into a room of an evening with a heart as free as an unmated swallow, and comes out of it sixty minutes after a captive for life; and the maiden knows what the youth knows, and in her heart says amen to the revelation, though it may take her some time to say it with her lips.

"I have a friend," says a credible writer, "a man of great intelligence, who told me that when he was in the middle of the Pacific on a voyage, he saw a face in a dream, and it was borne in upon him that this was the face of his future wife. He went through many adventures after that, was away about seven years, came back, went home, went to a quarterly Quaker meeting in Tottenham, and there saw in a Quaker bonnet, for the first time with his human eyes, the face he had seen in his dream. The maiden became his wife; and I never saw a happier pair on the earth, or a sweeter home or children; and I have no doubt of the perfect truth of the story."

All true marriages are made in heaven.

All true love is blessed with reverence, As heavenly light is blessed with heavenly blue.

Any true observation of the life we are living will bring the assurance that marriages of this sort are by no means so few as cynics and satirists would like us to infer.

"If," says a most respectable clergyman, "from thirty to forty years of intimate observation, in two widely separate sections of society—two worlds; and the intimacy of a minister besides—can be of any service in forming an opinion, it is mine that a great preponderance of the men and women who become husbands and wives, find their helpmates, their matches, the one human being they need to make up the full measure so far of their life, in the man or woman they marry. It is possible they may not find what I may call their ideal man or woman—the wonderful person the romances can make so much better than the Lord of Life makes us, as the pictures of a fashion plate are finer than the portraits of the masters. When we form our taste on this sort of standard, we are likely to be disappointed, and ought to be."

The possibility of husband and wife falling out, is in some way to be expected; in what way we cannot well foresee, and it is not best we should. It may be health, or temper, or habit—it is no matter; there must be a trial of our faith in each other, as there is of our faith in religion. No man or woman has any business to enter into this intimate oneness of life and soul without such an exception. When the lark soars and sings over a mountain farm, his shadow is as deep in the water as his soaring is high in heaven. Wise old Bishop Taylor says:—"Marriage has in it less of beauty than single life, but more of safety. It is more merry, but alas! more sad. It is full of joy, but also of sorrow.—It ties under more burdens, but is supported by the strength of love, so that these burdens become delightful."

Something like that is to be expected in the very nature of things; it is to be found as the shadow cast by the truest and purest light that ever shines in a home. The sweetest wife that ever lived has had said things to her scores of times that she would allow no other human being to say about him or, once for all, that third person must hear a piece of her mind, if it were even in a church; and the truest husband will now and then make his will known to his wife in tones so imperious, that if he heard another utter them to the same woman it would bring him leaping, like a leopard, at the fellow who dared to speak so to the mother of his children.

☞ Dr. Chalmers beautifully said: "The little that I have seen in the world and known of the history of mankind teaches me to look upon their errors in sorrow, not in anger. When I take the history of one poor heart that has sinned and suffered, and represent to myself the struggles and temptations it passed through—the brief pulsations of joy; the tears of regret; the feebleness of purpose; the scorn of the world that has little charity; the desolation of the soul's sanctuary, and threatening voices within; health gone; happiness gone—I would fain leave the erring soul at my fellow-man with Him from whose hands it came."

☞ It is a great mistake to suppose that a woman with no heart will be any easy creditor it the exchange of affection. There is not on earth a more merciless exactor of love from others than a thoroughly selfish woman; and the more unlovely she grows, the more jealously and scrupulously she exacts love to the uttermost farthing.

☞ The "heart" is the best card in the chance game of matrimony—sometimes overcome by diamonds and knaves, often won by tricks, and occasionally treated in a shuffling manner, and then cut altogether.

Biographical.

MEZZOFANTI.

The prodigy who spoke fifty-six languages, was born of a poor carpenter of Bologna, Italy, where he was born in 1774. He died in Rome in 1849. His father designed him for the paternal calling. His workbench happening to be under the window where Father Respight was instructing some private pupils in Greek and Latin, young Mezzofanti picked up the words by ear and surprised his unconscious teacher when one day without knowing the Greek alphabet or having seen a Greek book he repeated and accurately explained a great number of words which had fallen on his ears while at work. This gifted young man desired to leave his trade and enter the church. The kind-hearted old oratorian assisted him. He picked up languages with wonderful facility. His memory retained every word his ear had once heard. It was not only the words but the connection—in idioms he was peculiarly strong—and the intonation. He learned in college Latin, Greek, Hebrew and Arabic. His first lessons in German were derived from a Bolognese ecclesiastic, the Abbate Thiuli. He picked up French from an old priest of Blois, Swedish from a Swedish physician who had settled at Bologna, and Coptic from a learned clergyman, the Canonico Mingarelli. In 1797 he obtained priest's orders, and shortl, afterwards he was appointed professor of Arabic in the university of Bologna. He refused to take the oath of allegiance to the new "Cisalpine republic," and in consequence lost his position. In 1804 he was restored, and in 1808 again deprived, owing to his fidelity to Pius VII. In 1812 he obtained the position of assistant librarian of his native city, and two years afterward he was made chief librarian. Napoleon endeavored to lure him to Paris, Murat to Naples, the grand duke of Tuscany to Florence, the Emperor Francis to Vienna, and even his holiness Pius VII. to Rome, but in vain. He remained at Bologna until 1832, when Gregory XVI., an intimate friend of his, after, as he laughingly put it, "a regular seige," finally succeeded in installing him as prebend of St. John Lateran's church. He was subsequently the successor of the celebrated Mai as librarian of the Vatican, and in 1840 he and his predecessor were elevated to the cardinalate. It was during the eighteen years which elapsed between Mezzofanti's elevation to the chief Librarianship and his removal to Rome that he extended and perfected his knowledge of the languages. He was "foreigners' confessor" at Bologna, a position usually entrusted to a large staff in Roman Catholic cities. He visited the hospitals assiduously, and never failed to improve an opportunity at picking up a new language or perfecting his knowledge of one with which he was already familiar. It was not that he had simply a knowledge of the languages, but he spoke them with fluency, pronounced them correctly and wrote them idiomatically. The porters and runners at Bologna always mentioned Mezzofanti as one of the wonders of the town, and no literary foreigner visited the city during his residence there who did not call upon him. They were all impressed with his proficiency. Lord Byron, Herr Jacabs, Guido Gows, Dr. Baines (in Miss Mitford's Recollections,) and M. Manairt all bear witness to the powers of this gifted priest who, if he had lived at Babel, would, as one of them has quaintly remarked, have been able to act as general interpreter. Dr. Baines says: "The last time I was in Rome we went together to the Propaganda and heard speeches delivered in thirty-five or thirty-six languages by converts of various nations. Among them were natives of no less than three tribes of Tartars, each taking his own dialect. They did not understand each other, but they carefully understood them all, and could tell with critical nicety the points in which each jargon differed from the others." He mastered Chinese late in life, and yet he was able not only to converse with the Chinese students in the Propaganda, but to preach to them and deliver a set of homilies in their own tongue. Herr Gows says that he spoke eight languages in his presence of an evening, and changed from one to the other with the greatest facility and without confounding the words or pronunciation of one language with those of another. He sent this same traveller the name of God written in his own hand in 56 languages, of which 30 were European, not counting their sub-divisions into dialects; 17 Asiatic without counting dialects; 3 African and 4 American. Mezzofanti's life was simple and childlike, and devoid of all pretensions.

HOW IT HAPPENS.

[*Translated from the German of Globe.*]

BY LILIAN CLARKE.

Harsh voices said to her: "He loves thee not;
He trifles with thee." Then she drooped her head,
And to her eyes the tears came thick and hot;
And yet in silence were those salt tears shed.
Alas, that she believed that cruel word!
For when he came her face was turned away,
And then with scorn and pride her heart was stirred,
And with forced mirth he went his lonely way.

An angel ever whispered in her heart:
"Thy love is true—only reach forth thy hand!"
And while in bitterness he stood apart,
The same sweet pleading must his heart withstand:
"She loves thee well—she is thy destined bride;
Speak but one tender word—the spell is broken!"
Day after day they met; oh, sinful pride!
The word, the fateful word, remained unspoken.

And so they parted. And for many days
Each mourned in secret. As a dying lamp,
That lights some dim church with its fitful rays,
Then with a flash expires, in dusk and damp,
Even so their love grew fainter day by day,
Flickered and flashed with many a dying gleam,
Until at last it faded quite away,
Forgotten, or remembered as a dream.

Yet sometimes would the pale moon's misty light
Fall on a pillow wet with lonely tears;
And wistful eyes gazed through the silent night;
Perhaps they dreamed of half forgotten years,
And of the bleeding that they did not win;
Sweet, secret hopes that ne'er were plighted troth,
Now lost forever, all that might have been!
O God, who sends us love, forgive them both!

—*Commonwealth.*

DRESS IN JAPAN.

The style of dress in Japan is even more varied than it is on Chestnut street or Walnut street on a fine Sunday. A Japanese lady, thoroughly arrayed, is really an elaborate work of art. A large amount of attention, and no little expense to begin with, are devoted to the arrangement of the hair—even the common people regularly employ a hair dresser. If they cannot afford the luxury every day, they will make it last for two days by sleeping on a wooden pillow placed under the neck. The item of most importance in a Japanese lady's toilet is her obi, or girdle, which is usually of bright colors, and arranged behind with great care, so as to form the camel's hump so popular among our ultra-fashionable belles. The Grecian bend is an old institution in Japan. To see one of her dark skinned ladies, with her extensive head dress, a hump upon her back, and extremely narrow skirt, high, wooden heeled patterns, her body thrown forward, and as she minces her steps, you would imagine she was caricaturing the brainless votaries of fashion in other lands; but she is only dressing as her people have dressed, and walking as they have walked for centuries. The obi serves a purpose in Japan which I have not heard attributed to it elsewhere. When a woman becomes a widow she makes no change in it unless she wishes to announce her purpose never to marry again, in which case she ties her obi in front. How effectual this is to ward off all proposals I do not know; but as it is always and everywhere the privilege of a woman to change her mind, it is said the obi occasionally in such a case works its way around to its normal position behind.—[*Prime's "Around the World.*"

☞ In Augustine Daily's great play "Under the Gaslight," Laura Courtland utters these beautiful sentiments:

Let the woman you look upon be wise or vain, beautiful or holy, she has but one thing she can give or refuse and that is her heart. Her beauty, her wit, she may sell you, but her love is the treasure without money and without price. She can only ask in return, that when you look upon her your eyes shall speak a mute devotion; when you address her your voice shall be gentle and kind. That you shall not despise her because she cannot all at once understand your vigorous thoughts and ambitious plans, for when misfortune and evil have defeated your greatest purposes, her love remains to console you. You look upon the tree of strength and grandeur; do not despise the flowers because their fragrance is all they have to give. Remember, love is the only thing that a woman can give, and it is the only thing which God permits her to carry beyond the grave.

Lady Correspondence.

Written for the Mass'achusetts Ploughman.

THE EYES.

ARTICLE NO. II.

BY MARIA A. ELMORE.

8. *Reading or sewing at a too great distance from the light, or with an unshaded light.* Probably kerosene lamps are the best articles yet invented by which to read or sew. Nevertheless we are sometimes placed where we are obliged to use gas, and this can be rendered comparatively harmless. A gas light suspended from the upper part of a room furnishes a very good light by which to do housework or any work which does not require keen eyesight; but when the work is such that this latter *is* required, then a drop light should be used, so that the work and light shall be in close proximity. How common it is however, for persons to read or sew with a long distance intervening between them and the light. In large halls for Instance, where the gas pipes or chandeliers are a great way above the heads of the audience, how often do we see people beguiling the time that elapses before a lecturer makes his appearance, by reading, and not only is the light a great distance from them, but likely as not, no globe encircles it, and the flame is a very flickering one. The light should be brought near to the eyes, should be uniformly the same, and withal should be shaded. An unshaded or a flickering light, whether gas or kerosene, should never be used when the eyes are to be steadily confined for any purpose whatever.

9. *Working on dark substances, particularly black, in evenings, or reading very fine print.* In "the good time coming" we hope all sewing will be executed by daylight, but under the present order of things, this seems impossible. While it may be necessary to sew *some* in the evening we think if people would carefully arrange their work, they would not often be obliged to work on black or dark colored articles. Some may say that it is unavoi able; perhaps it is, but it has been our happy privilege to meet with some women, and we have abundant testimony from others, who have brought up large families of children, that have almost never in their lives worked on dark or black substances by lamplight. If every woman would make the same resolution, by tact and skill she probably would not often have occasion to break it.

10. *Reading in an inclined position.* It is an habitual practice with many to read when lying down for a brief rest. Some go even farther than this, and on retiring will read or study with all their might, and will sometimes go to the dangerous extreme of holding a lighted lamp in their hands. This custom cannot be too strongly condemned. It is flying in the face of Providence, and is utterly without excuse. It would indeed be strange, if for such abuse of his good gifts He did not come out in judgment against us. If sufficiently tired to be justified in lying down at all, we are too tired to read, and if lying down, we should never read whether tired or not. Persons often sit down to read and in a little while become very sleepy. When this is the case, reading should, for the time being, be suspended. We should not allow ourselves to try to read when sleepy, if sitting up, much less when lying down. An erect posture is the only favorable one, and no other ought ever to be assumed.

11. *Reading when in motion.* This will have a very wide application, for how many can say that in this respect they have never transgressed? People are often seen reading when walking or riding in the street, and it would be something more than remarkable if we could enter a railroad car and see no one thus engaged. We are so anxious to [illegible] every day's news that we cannot refrain. Wisdom and common sense if consulted, would tell us not to attempt it, when the intensity of light varies with almost every passing step, but to defer it until we arrive at a place, where relatively and absolutely, our position will be stationary. But curiosity gets the better of reason and must be gratified, even though health itself is sacrificed, and eyesight, one of the most invaluable blessings ever given by God to man, be partially destroyed.

12. *Looking too long and steadily at any one thing.* When we wish to give our undivided attention to any particular subject, and when the scenes are constantly changing, and we dare not look away lest something should escape our notice, we are apt to look too long right in one direction. The eye becomes overstrained by such a process. Trouble is often inflicted also by looking through instruments. Opera glasses are often resorted to as a means of assistance in bringing a person or object within the immediate range of our vision. These may be and often are, productive of great pain to the eyes. We have to look some time usually before we get them at just the right angle, and then when they are rightly adjusted, the tendency is to look longer than we ought. However strong our desire "to see," we should never look a great while without occasionally looking away. The same is true of the stereoscope. In order for the picture to stand out in bold relief, we are obliged to look some time, and the longer we look, the clearer and more distinct does the design become, and here again as before, we not rarely look for a longer period than is good for us. Care is also needed in using the microscope; in fact this caution is necessary in regard to all instruments. Perhaps something on the street arrests our attention; we look out through the window to see "what the matter is and what it all amounts to." Our eagerness "to see" is so great that we look, and look, and look, for a very long time. Afterward, when our eyes are turned away, the room in which we are seems dark, and not until now, when they begin to ache and smart, do we begin to be conscious that we have been using them too hard. Particularly would we urge upon people not to look steadily for any continued length of time through window-glass when snow is on the ground, for this, combined with other things, has sometimes an almost blinding effect, and the evil to which we have just referred is much magnified. It is to such simple, trifling, every-day, matters as these, seemingly unimportant and insignificant, though really of great consequence, that we need give attention.

13. *Putting on glasses before they are really needed.* Had it not been so fashionable of late years to wear glasses extensively, we think that many who are now troubled with impaired vision, would have been blessed with very good eyesight. We know that to many the wearing of spectacles is a necessity. Those advanced in years are generally obliged to avail themselves of them, and people in middle life also. We are not ignorant of the fact either that young persons sometimes need them; they may inherit weak eyes, or from vari us other causes the condition of the eyes may be such that the practice can not safely be avoided. But when we have conceded all this and a great deal more, we can but think that they have been worn very largely, especially by young people, merely for effect. Fashion will do very well so long as it is made subservient to the real wants and needs of humanity, but when it gets the upper hands of us to such an extent that any priceless boon of health or life has to be victimized, and which once lost is forevermore irrevocable and irretrievable, then it behooves us to heed it not. We have seen young men don their spectacles with a very haughty air, and act as though they thought it was something to be proud of. Now, young man, if this be your idea, you are palpably mistaken. There are some articles which can be worn for "looks' sake" only; things which, while they administer no real comfort, cause no positive harm. It will not do however to tamper thus with the eyes. Spectacles are no ornament to any one; at least, they should never be worn as such; they should be worn only when the state of the eyes is such that it is an imperative duty, and no person of common sense will think you any "smarter," or "more of a gentleman" because you wear them.

Parents will often allow their children when very young to put on the glasses which they themselves wear. Of this we have no phraseology with which to express our indignation. Even though they do not read or sew when they have them on, yet the *wearing* of them is trying and should never be permitted. Adults not in the habit of wearing glasses, whose eyes are perfectly well and strong are not wholly guiltless in this respect. It is astonishing what recklessness they often display. They will often read for an hour or more with them over their eyes just as though they had on none. To all such we have but to say, that if repeated many times your power of seeing will become so weakened that you will be obliged to wear them all the time, whether you desire to or not. Then, after it has become a necessity, it won't seem so pretty. To be compelled always to wear glasses is a great burden. Bring not this trial upon yourself by your own carelessness or folly. And not only do persons who have not the slightest need of them occasionally wear them, but those who need them and are accustomed to wear them, will often borrow such as are altogether ill adapted to their eyes, and indeed it is not uncommon for them to be worn constantly. Many wear glasses which are too old for them; others those which are too young. Both extremes should be avoided, and all those dependent on spectacles should procure only such as are well adapted to their special, individual needs. It is a beautiful thought that human ingenuity can be made to assist nature in very many ways, and that when the vision becomes dim and shadowy, one of the products of man's skill comes in as a source of untold blessing. But it is deplorable that such blessings are often made a mighty and terrible curse.

14. *Watching Lightning.* In these "days of thunder and lightning," when the latter has become almost dai y and also nightly occurences, perhaps a word in regard to it may not come amiss. While many are intimidated by its presence, there are who have a great passion for watching flashes of lightning as they play about in the atmosphere. Nothing pleases them more than to sit by a window where they can see them dart to and fro. However pleasant a pastime this may be, we warn all not to gratify themselves by so doing, especially during the hours of the night. It is always wiser never to sit by a window, and if possible within the range of it, but to sit away and to keep the eyes closed. Better study the nature of electricity in some other way than by watching sharp and forked lightning. Indeed we think it is not always a spirit of investigation, speculation or inquiry that prompts people to do it. During the night and also during the day when there is but little light, the pupil of the eye is widely dilated. When the eyes are brought in contact with a sharp flash of lightning or with considerable light in any way, the pupil is in the same ratio contracted. Sudden changes of expansion and contraction weaken the eyes at a fearful rate. So then, if you have any compassion on your optic nerves, shield them as far as possible from the influence of fitful, flashing, lightning strokes.

"An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure."

EASY LESSON IN PHYSIOLOGY.

Supposing your age to be fifteen or thereabout. You have 160 bones and 500 muscles; your blood weighs twenty-five pounds, your heart is five inches in length and three inches in diameter, it beats seventy times per minute, 4,200 times per hour, 100 800 times per day, 36,792,000 per year. At each beat a little over two ounces of blood is thrown out of it; and each day it receives and discharges about seven tons of that wonderful fluid. Your lungs will contain a gallon of air, and you inhale 24,000 gallons per day. The aggregate surface of the air-cells of your lungs, supposing them to be spread out, exceeds 29,000 square inches. The weight of your brain is three pounds; when you are a man it will weigh about eight ounces more. Your nerves exceed 10,000,000 in number. Your skin is composed of three layers, and varies from one-fourth to one-eighth of an inch in thickness. The area of your skin is about 1,700 square inches. Each square inch contains 3,500 sweating tubes or perspiratory pores, each of which may be likened to a little drain-tile one-fourth of an inch long, making an aggregate length of an entire surface of your body of 201,166 feet, or a tile ditch for draining the body almost forty miles long.—*Lancet.*

ECCENTRICITY.—The following singular instance of eccentricity, illustrating the close connection of this condition of the mind with insanity, is related by Professor Hammond in his work on diseases of the nervous system:

A lady had since her childhood shown a singularity of conduct as regarded her table furniture, which she would have of no other material than copper. She carried this fancy to such an extent that even the knives were made of copper. People laughed at her, and tried to reason her out of her whim, but in vain. In no other respect was there any evidence of mental aberration. She was intelligent, by no means excitable, and in the enjoyment of excellent health. An uncle had, however, died insane. A trifling circumstance started in her a new train of thought, and excited emotions she could not control. She read in the morning paper that Mr. Kopperman had arrived at one of the hotels and she announced her determination to call on him. Her friends endeavored to dissuade her, but without avail. She went to the hotel and was told that he had just left for Chicago. Without returning to her home, she bought a ticket for Chicago, and actually started on the next train for that city. The telegraph however, overtook her, and she was brought back from Rochester raving of her love for a man whom she had never seen, and whose name alone had been associated in her mind with her fancy for copper table furniture. She died of acute mania within a month.

☞ Anger is the necessary safeguard of beings that are not housed, like the tortoise, with an impenetrable crust; and if man had been cased in iron, or if he were an ethereal substance, he probably would not have been furnished with passionate resentments. Nevertheless every good purpose of such emotions has been answered when the faculties have received that kind of stimulus which the exigency of the moment demands; and their continuance can be always (if it were nothing worse) a waste and perversion of power; since the ends they have in view are more certainly secured by other means, when once the sudden peril is gone by. Malign dispositions and vindictive habits are miserable encumbrances of the mind; as if a man would sustain the load of armor, night and day, and carry shield and lance; though probably he may not encounter a foe once in a year. The checks of opinion, the motives of mutual interest, and the provisions of law, are in readiness to defend us from every aggression,—those only excepted which must be repelled at the instant they are made, or not at all.—*Isaac Taylor.*

☞ The man I call sectarian is the man who is not contented with the blessings of number one in the street, but who is always throwing stones or mud at number two; who is not content with his own wife and family, but talks and gossips about another man's family. Give me the man who has honest, earnest convictions about his own church, and I extend to him the right hand of fellowship. Love your church and do all you can for it; but try and imagine at the same time that other men are as conscientious as you are, and give them the right hand of fellowship when they do all they can for their church.—[*Dr. McLeod*

☞ Trials are moral ballast that often prevent our capsizing. When we have much to carry, Heaven rarely fails to fit the back to the burden. Where we have nothing to bear, we can seldom bear ourselves. The burdened vessel may be slow in reaching the destined port, but the vessel without ballast is in imminent danger of not reaching it at all.

Domestic Economy.

VALUABLE RECIPES.

For the Massachusetts Ploughman.

BREAKFAST CAKES.—Two cups of sour milk, half a cup of molasses, one tea-spoon of soda, one heaping cup of flour and Indian meal to make a stiff batter. Add a little salt and fry as griddle cakes.

GINGER SNAPS, *very nice.* One cup each of molasses and sugar simmered together, one cup of butter, one table-spoon each of ginger and vinegar, one tea-spoon of soda, and flour to roll out.

H. M. L.

BUGS AND COCKROACHES.—The *Journal of Chemistry* publishes this remedy for water bugs and cockroaches: "Boil one ounce of poke root in one pint of water until the strength is extracted; mix the decoction with molasses and spread it on plates in the kitchen or other apartments which are infested with these insects. All that have partaken of this luxury during the night will be found 'organic remains' the next morning."

☞ What a glorious world this would be if all its inh-bitants could say with Shakspeare's shepherd: "Sir, I am a true laborer; I earn that I wear; owe no man hate; envy no man's happiness; glad with other men's good; content with my farm."

☞ A Connecticut merchant, being asked how he spent his evenings, replied, "At night I store my mind and during the day I mind my store."

☞ Nothing is more indicative of the earnestness of life than the sight of a well-developed male creature spending eight hours a day in trying to wear out a dry goods box with the seat of his pants.

☞ To find out the number of children in a street beat a bass drum. To find out the number of idle men, start a dog fight.

Anecdotes.

☞ A subscriber wrote to the editor of a Newark paper to ask the meaning of the phrase *mors omnibus communis.* The editor said that it was a French sentence, intended to explain something about Morse's omnibus being of service to the community. At the same time, he said, the sentence was evidently constructed by some idiot, who though the understood French, when he didn't, and consequently several important words were left out.

☞ It is a pity that we are not all agreed as to what constitutes sacred ground, says a modern writer. For my own part, I recollect the place where I was permitted to give my first love a kiss, and that is consecrated ground, although since marriage she has turned out a bit of a scold, and desperately fond of her own way, which takes a little discount of sanctity out of it.

☞ A Breton peasant, on his way to Paris, stopped at a barber shop in Ramboriblet. While the barber was strapping his razor, the peasant noticed a dog sitting near his chair and staring at him fiercely. "What is the matter with that dog?" The barber answered with an unconscious air, "That dog is always there. You see when I cut off an ear—" "Well?" "Well, he eats it."

☞ Squire—"Hobson, they tell me you've taken your boy away from the National School. What's that for?" Villager—"'Cause the master ain't fit to teach un!" Squire—"Oh, I've heard he's a very good master." Villager—"Well, all I knows is, he wanted to teach my boy to spell 'taters with a 'P'!"—[*Punch.*

☞ I talked with a minion from her Majesty's dominions: Says I, "Where are you going?" Says he, "To hide a hoe." Says I, "What are you going to hide a hoe for?" Says he, "I didn't say hide a hoe, I said hide a hoe." Says I, "spell it." Says he, "I-d-a-h-o." "Oh!" says I, "Idaho." "Yes," says he, "Hide a hoe."

☞ In a certain church a contribution was to be taken. Having no boxes, the minister's hat was borrowed. It was passed all around the church, and report says nothing was put in it. As the hat was returned to the pulpit the minister looked into it, and seeing it empty, said: "Well, brethren, I am very much obliged to you for returning my hat."

☞ This odd advertisement is from an English paper: "My husband is out on a strike. He prefers that to work. He ain't any use to me. I must work to keep the children and self. His ten shillings goes in beer I'll swap my husband while he is on a strike for a sewing machine."

☞ A gentleman seated in the stalls of a theatre who was afflicted with remarkably long ears, overheard the jocular remarks of a neighboring young man to another, which were by far too loudly expressed. The proprietor of the ears turned round thereat sharply and said, "It is true my ears are very large indeed for a man, but yours are very small indeed for an ass."

☞ "Ma, this milk is better than yesterday's milk was." "Don't say that, child. Say there's more milk in this water than there was in the water we got yesterday."

☞ Billings says: "There isn't enough that will kompletely kure lazyness, but I have known a second wife to hurry it sum."

☞ Spots on the sun—freckles on your boy's face.

BOSTON LEAD CO.
[Incorporated in 1829.]
J. H. CHADWICK & CO., AGENTS,
Office, 23, 24 & 26 Oliver Street, Boston,
MANUFACTURERS OF
BOSTON PURE WHITE LEAD,
DRY AND GROUND IN OIL,
Dry and Ground Zinc, Litharge, Red Lead, Lead Pipe, Sheet Lead, Tin Pipe, Tin Lined Pipe, Iron Pipe and Fittings, Pumps, &c. &c. &c.
Our Pure White Lead, both dry and ground in oil, we warrant to be STRICTLY PURE, and GUARANTEE that for *fineness, body* and *durability* it is not surpassed by any Lead in the market, either Foreign or American.
☞ In order to